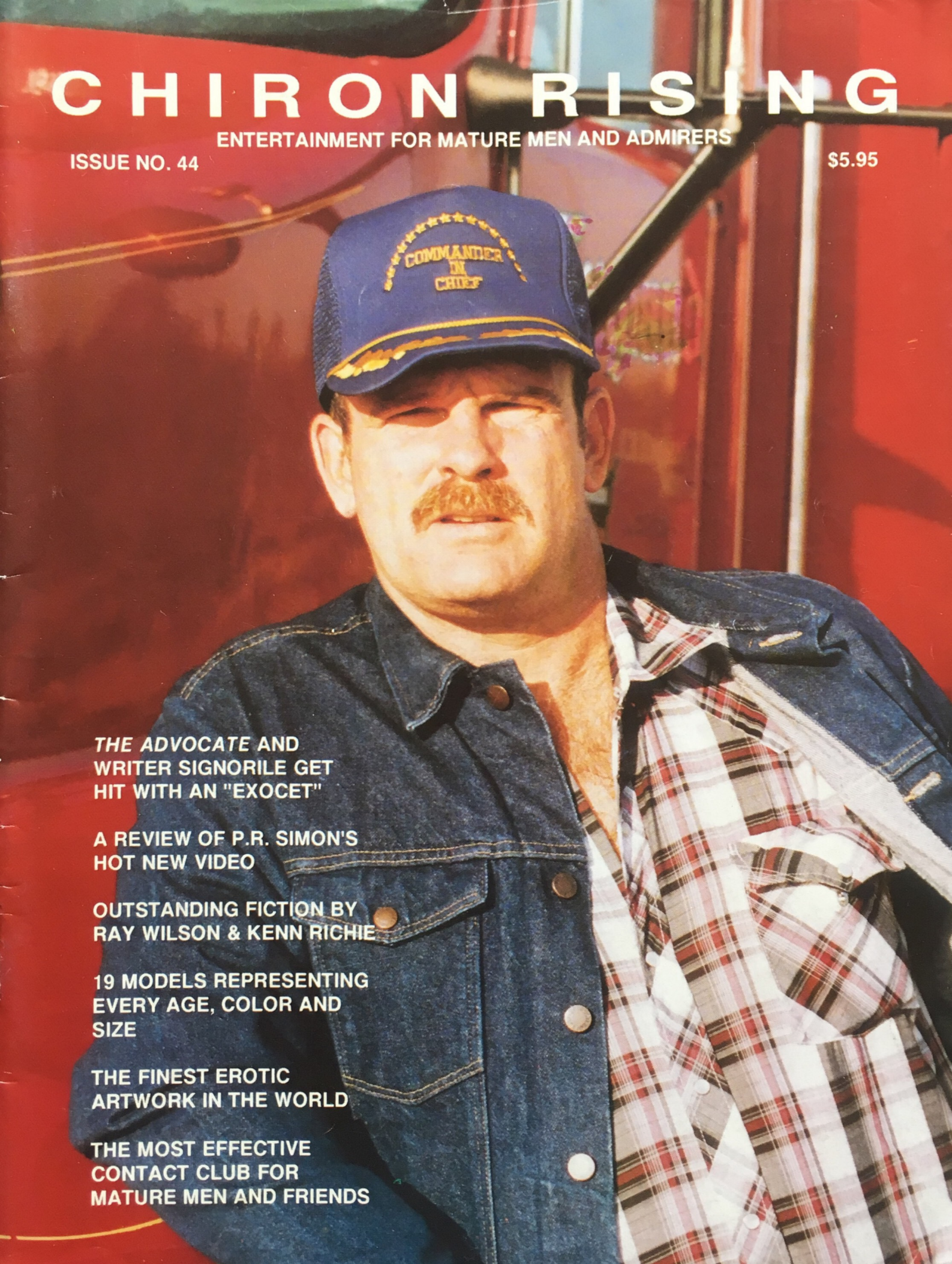
CHIRON RISING

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MATURE MEN AND ADMIRERS

ISSUE NO. 44

$5.95



THE ADVOCATE AND WRITER SIGNORILE GET HIT WITH AN "EXOCET"

A REVIEW OF P.R. SIMON'S HOT NEW VIDEO

OUTSTANDING FICTION BY RAY WILSON & KENN RICHIE

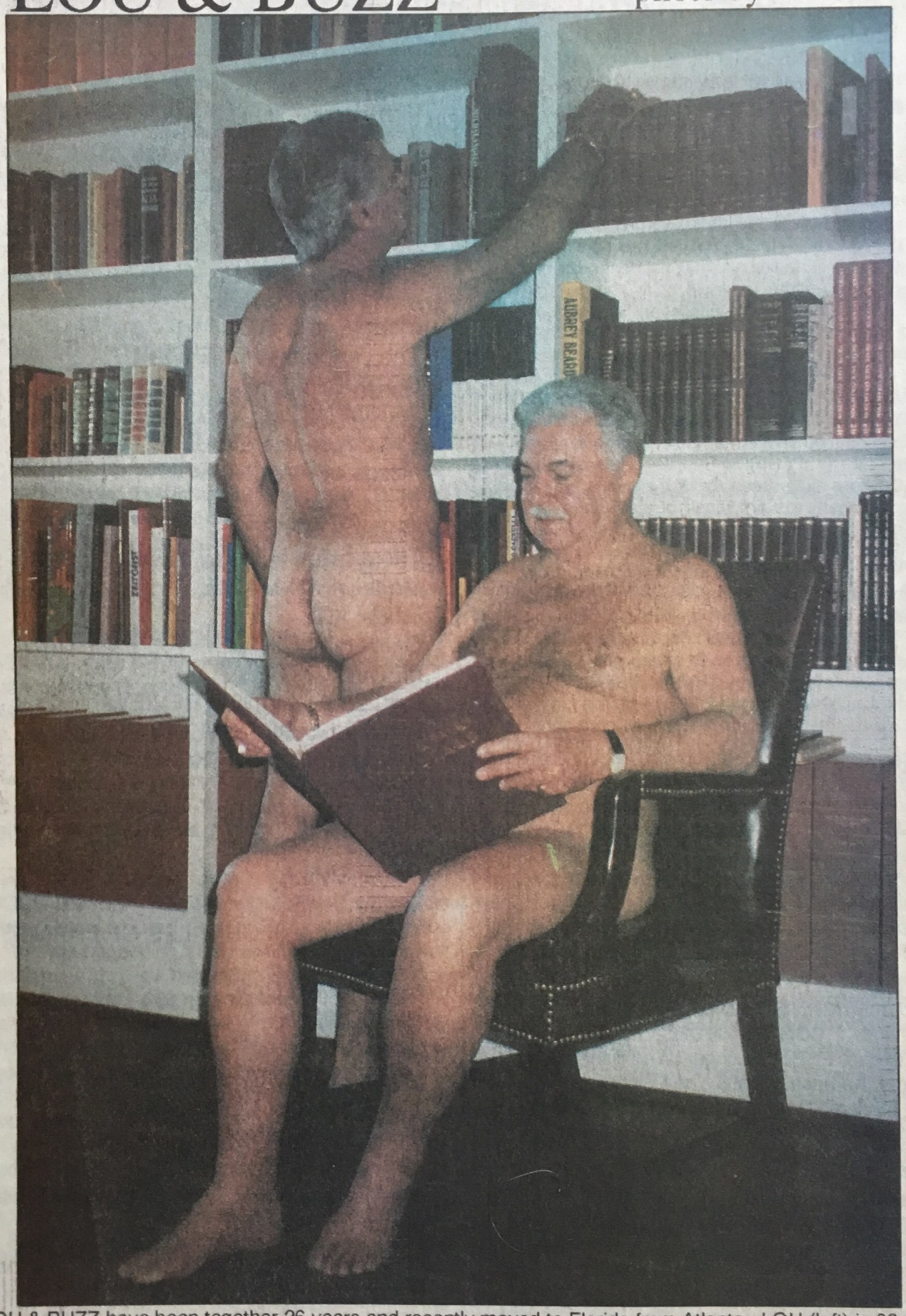
19 MODELS REPRESENTING EVERY AGE, COLOR AND SIZE

THE FINEST EROTIC ARTWORK IN THE WORLD

THE MOST EFFECTIVE CONTACT CLUB FOR MATURE MEN AND FRIENDS

LOU & BUZZ

photo by FLASH



LOU & BUZZ have been together 26 years and recently moved to Florida from Atlanta. LOU (left) is 63 and BUZZ is 68. These gentlemen are gracious hosts and love meeting and entertaining new friends.

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH DIGNIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS AMONG ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER.

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Our Subscribers

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L E T T E R S

HARD TO PLEASE

Thank you very much for the year's subscription and for forwarding the letters. I'll never need another compliment after "You're a silver-haired Greek God." However, I myself don't get a kick out of pictures of my age group. Out of the 12 letters, I have gotten together with three. The best one of all the pictures found a possessive top before we could get together. Of the three, one was not good, one was close to total disaster and culture shock, and one (in San Francisco) was great. It's not that I can't renew, but I prefer the $38 to go to a day of skiing. All my best. J.N./Albany, NY

BRAVO BULLFINCH

Now I know why I ordered back issues of CR, for if I had only read current issues and those following after discovering your great magazine, I would have missed BULLFINCH! Wow! I've gone my entire adult life fantasizing that there was a man that looked like that. It gives me reason not to give up my search until I find my own BULLFINCH—he could be just around the corner. I look forward to the next jolt CR will give me! G.G./Virginia

BRAVO MOONFINCH

MOONFINCH really blew me away. I love apocalyptic-sex-science fiction to begin with. And you put in all the right elements. The characters are believable and feel normal emotions in an abnormal situation. The plot is complicated but follows a clear direction from start to finish. And the sex scenes fit the story, NOT the other way around. Kudos, Mr. Colley! You have another winner on your hands. ROYCE/Texas

Pat, we need to talk about *MOONFINCH*. I LOOOOOOOOVED it. The shock hasn't worn off yet. So incredible. I knew you had it in you. To be able to take the things that are happening today and project where they could lead us to and how they could affect the future took pure literary genius. Such manipulation of emotions. I had no problem at all with some of the things the would-be, screwed up publishers bitched about. It had everything you could ask for. Please keep writing. Never give up and know that you have a loyal reader for life. I couldn't see how you could top SANCTUM, but you did. In a different way. To me this was a very sophisticated work with what seemed like a lot of research involved. Speaking of SANCTUM, it gives me a warm feeling every time I see my quotes about it in the ads for the November 90 Special Issue. Friends have been jokingly telling me I should send in a resume to the *New York Sunday Times Book Review*. I don't think so. M.D.H./Arkansas

[I am not the slightest bit ashamed of publishing all the attaboys I received as a result of my last two novels, and I ask your indulgence while I bask in the long awaited kudos. Those of you who think my ego has become inflated, however, please rest assured that I still consider myself a novice writer. This fifty-one-year-old college dropout is a far cry from being a polished author, but he's obsessed with becoming one. THE VIKING, our superb ghost editor, says that my upcoming novel ZONES is the best one yet and is more in the spirit of SANCTUM than MOONFINCH. See the reviews in the ad for our upcoming ZONES SPECIAL ISSUE. PHC]

A FAN LETTER TO FRAME

This letter is a first for me. I have never written a fan letter of any sort before, but I felt you people deserve to be the first to get one from me. I found the April 91 issue of *CR* at Oxford Books here in Atlanta. Oxford is not, as you mention in the June issue, a gay book store. It is a general book store with a large selection of magazines and a small but very comprehensive "adult" magazine section. I discovered *BEAR, DADDY* and *BULK MALE* there, and thoroughly enjoy each one. I have always been attracted to older and bigger men, and I found many of these models in these magazines. I have even ordered some back issues of *BEAR*, and some of their videos. And then I found *CR*. After seeing only one issue, I ordered my first subscription to any "adult" magazine of any kind. Thanks to your policies of mailing by first class mail and not selling your subscriber list, I felt there was little risk in subscribing. I also did not want to take the chance of missing any future issue at the book store. At the same time, I ordered some back issues and the three special issues. My initial reaction was confirmed. You have heard all this before, I know, but I have to tell you how great I think your magazine is. The articles and the fiction are interesting and challenging. While I do not agree with all of the concepts expressed in the articles and columns, I frequently reconsider many of my own ideas as a result of reading your magazine. And the fiction is consistently fresh and innovative. It is very erotic, but it is also much more. Each story provides at least as much to think about as the nonfiction. The artwork is superb. I have seen the work of some artists in other magazines, but for the most part, the work done by the men for your magazine is more interesting. I have also discovered many new artists, thanks to you. CORNELIUS and BUCKO are two of the best. I know they are probably not professional artists because I do not recall having seen any of their work in any other magazine. This is unfortunate, because I would like to be able to purchase prints of their work. The subtle (and sometimes not-so-subtle) humor in BUCKO's art is delightful. CORNELIUS' technique is wonderful and his men are some of the sexiest, most erotic creations I have ever

seen. Which brings me to the photography. I know these models are your readers, not professionals. And the photographers are also amateurs. This does not detract in any way. On the contrary, these men are far more interesting than any slick professional models could ever be. They are real, ordinary people, not slick clones. No, let me rephrase that. They are not ordinary, they are very special. And sexy? Some of these guys are the best looking men I have every seen. I know this sounds like exaggeration, but believe me, it is not. For example, in recent issues, PAPA BEAR, KORV and CANCER, among others, all rate TEN as far as I am concerned, and there are a great many NINES. And I have to admit that although I do prefer the nude photos, the portraits are also very nice. It is refreshing to find a magazine willing to print full page portraits. The capsule profiles are also delightful. They provide unique information about the models that would not otherwise be available. I have seen letters from some of your readers about possible changes to your magazine and your editorial policies. I would like to add my voice to those who appreciate your magazine just as it is. As far as I am concerned no changes are necessary, but I know that some might be required. From what I have seen, if you consider these possibilities as carefully as you have in the past, they can only improve a great magazine. Thank you for taking the time to read this rambling fan letter. As I said, this is my first one. I can promise you that if *CR* continues to be as wonderful as it is now, this fan letter will not be my last. P.Z./Georgia

[A letter from a man like P.Z./Georgia is better than good sex! My apology to Oxford Books. Imagine my delight when I found out that CR was selling well in a mainstream book store! For the record, CORNELIUS, RAM, WALT HENRY, DARKCHILDE and ABE are professional artists. CHELSEA WILLIAMS, SIMON BARR, WAYNE HAMPTON and REED SCOTT are professional photographers. PHC]

DID HE SURVEY HIS APARTMENT BUILDING?

How about advertising and advertising? Nobody hears about *CR* any longer. I subscribe to The *Advocate*, The *New York Native*, *Frontiers*, etc. I never see one ad for *CR*. How do you expect to grow and find new subscribers? You will notice that the *Holiday Bulletin* and many of the clubs advertise in almost every issue of The *Advocate*. And what about advertising in local New England publications in the summer and the Florida publications in the winter? *CR* has become expensive (particularly the ads), but over the years we receive less and less answers and therefore we get less for our money. Why? Because *CR* is known by fewer and fewer people. Only advertising will help your publication and your advertisers. Sincerely, J.C./NY

[J.C./NY is a loyal subscriber and we certainly appreciate his business, but he is mistaken about several points: 1) Our personal ad rates, among the lowest in the industry, increased from 20 cents to 30 cents per word in February, 1990. 2) When J.C. wrote his letter, our subscription price had been in effect for three years. 3) Our advertisers are getting much more for their money because our readership has increased dramatically (not decreased) through book store sales. The reason behind an advertiser's receiving few responses invariably has to do with the wording of the ad. Otherwise, why would some advertisers receive 300 responses and others, none? 4) Please see XYLOPHANG's final column in Issue #43 for our reasons for not advertising in gay magazines. PHC]

OUR MOST LOYAL EUROPEAN SUPPORTER

Your magazine goes from strength to strength. Almost every new issue sees the introduction of even more incredibly splendid men and drawings. BAMA, KORV, BUZZ & LOU, LEN, SEAN II, JOE, WOTAN, URSUS MINOR, ZIPPER, IRONWORKER, and so many many more. And the band of faithful artists: RAM, ABE and the rest. And as you rightly remind us of what we owe EX-LOGGER. It must be great to look back on the steady, regular improvement you made in the years since that first issue. I think sadly of HUSTVEDT and SKUA, both of whom died just as we got to know them. With all the stars we have, it may seem churlish to ask for the moon, but it would be nice to see AARON back again. But you seem to give some hope even in this direction. If only some of these wonderful men could be preserved on film for all time, and as supreme examples of the sexual power and beauty of the mature male. There's one man whose face still haunts me of all your gallery of superstars, and that man is PLOVER. You so aptly and rightly said at the time: "Look into this man's eyes and you will be lost." I don't remember the exact words, but that was so true. So long may you reign. The field is still entirely yours. Love to you and all sail with you. J.R./England

[I talked to AARON recently and regret to inform our readers that he has no intention of coming back. PLOVER, however, might. Back in 1986, perhaps the field was entirely ours, but now there are great magazines like DADDY, BEAR and BULK MALE which bring us some healthy competition and make us all strive for perfection. There is room for us all. - PHC]

SOME NOT-SO-LOYAL EUROPEANS AND SOME HARD ADVICE

I hope you are receptive to some hard, constructive criticism, because what I have to tell you might not be that digestible. In response to XYLOPHANG's remarks about that L.A. Clique, let me be the first to confirm that it <u>does</u> exist, and it is even more petty, childish and back-stabbing than XYLO described. I should know because I know them all—so much so that they'll probably accuse me of being XYLOPHANG. My reaction to this coterie has always

been one of indifference until I began to hear all the hype preceding the visit of a [European] couple, one of whom is a *CR* model and has this monstrous penis "that is to die for." Now my reaction is one of contempt. Much-touted Big Dick and his younger lover visited L.A. for several days in July and were scheduled to stay a couple of days with you and The Friar, but I understand that they didn't make it. I heard all about how these starry-eyed tourists were kept so busy that the *CR* gurus became an afterthought. I know the hosts and can hear them now: "You won't have very much fun visiting them. They live in the hot desert, don't drink, won't allow smoking in their house and will probably enlist you to help them get the next issue out." The fact that you aren't rich and don't know any movie stars also mollified their guilt over standing you up, I'll bet. The clique's gleeful predictions of how pissed you fellows would be made me nauseous. Do you ever watch Donahue? Every once in a while, some man gets on the show and opens up his soul, only to be torn to shreds by a hundred screaming, vicious housewives who think that most men are creeps (except when they bring in a paycheck and provide sperm for their baby ovens). My point is that familiarity breeds contempt if there is no underlying respect, love or fondness. Some men respond favorably to your unique openness and good nature, but others (like the L.A. Clique) detest you for it. My advice: back off. Stop inviting subscribers to visit you and stop trying to make all your subscribers your friends. *Make your readers earn your friendship*. The price of your magazine entitles the reader to all that wonderful entertainment and the priceless potential of finding friendships and lovers . . . *but nothing more*. It doesn't entitle them to a free bed and a home-cooked meal. I urge you to keep your home life to yourselves and your true, *proven* friends. You men have created something profoundly important. You've actually changed the world a little, and that's something that most of us can only fantasize about. When *Monsieur Prick Grande* is all but forgotten, *CHIRON RISING* will still be bringing erections, laughter, peace, dignity and hope to thousands of men. Anonymous/Los Angeles

FIDELITY

Please ask The Friar to write more autobiographical pieces for *CR*. His experience comes through a thousand-fold in his writing, and I'd like to hear whatever he wishes to tell. THIRTEEN MONTHS is, I think, one of the two or three best writings in all the last ten issues or so. Several others here in Denver have said something similar. Another request. Some of the photography in *CR* hints strongly at (encourages, even?) multiple, open relationships. This is fine for "singles" who are content with playing the field and have little or no need for something more permanent in their lives. But how do couples of our persuasion resolve the need for a single, permanent lover and the equally searing, voracious need, over time, for many lovers? Could you or one of your essayists tackle this? As a hopeless romantic and proud-to-be admirer of older men, I've met many, many guys over the years that I would like to have known much better and much longer than was possible under the circumstances. It never ceases to amaze me how many good, quality gay and bisexual men there are out there, and it is seemingly a fault of mine to want to meet every single one of them before I die. How many vacations or business trips have been made sweeter—memorable—by a chance encounter in a park or bar in some otherwise foreign and lonely town or city? How many good conversations are possible in the local gay coffee shop or in the park around 5:00 pm on one of those steamy summer days when just having an experienced senior (or junior) around to talk to is worth a zillion bucks? So many, I can't possibly relate them all. It is somebody you probably have never seen or met before, and it is somebody you can talk to right off about *anything* because you are from the same part of humanity—a very, very good part, I might add. And, naturally, sex is sometimes inevitable. Most couples, after all, get together long after getting used to the "hunt." Rarely can a lover relationship completely eliminate that, especially over time. We're already pioneering new concepts in relationships, to wit, "Daddy is a State of Mind" by Jason P. Williams, issue #42. Now we need some sound advice on making those relationships workable and lasting while still allowing the individual some degree of freedom and privacy. Is this even possible? Or desirable? I think most men would say "yes" on both counts. An understanding lover/partner can help work miracles, true enough, but that doesn't make infidelity right or any easier to live with. Maybe we need to change our concept of infidelity or just bite the damn bullet and quit meeting like agents with the same code name (God forbid!). The problem is not the ships in the night—everyone can manage one of those without anyone knowing about it or, at least, getting too threatened by it. The problem is longer term friendships that involve sex. And these are increasingly likely now that everyone is more health conscious. Open relationships are great and do work, but to what level? Can't they sow the seeds of their own destruction? If there's a secret magic formula out there for living together over time without taking away the other guy's right to privacy once in a while, I'd love to know it. SAXON/Colorado

[We'll see if one of our writers takes the hint and does an essay on the subject. It's a complex issue, but open relationships do work at the highest level. Most long-term relationships I know of are open, including ours. PHC]

PERSONAL ADS

I'm taking a cue from Coach Al's letter (Issue No. 42) in regard to those who answer ads and don't come close to what the ad asks for. I get these too, but more than Al's 40 percent of the replies—it's more like 50 percent. Still we have to answer them. It's also irritating to answer guys who ask for your photo and phone but who do not include theirs. They want a one-way street. naturally, it doesn't

lead any place. One-way streets never do. And we have to answer these as well! It's frustrating. While I am on the subject may I get in two insights. Number one: One guy got upset with me because I used a P.O. box while he used his home address. I'd be happy to use mine, but sometimes for many of us there are legitimate reasons for not doing so. In my case we have unlocked mailboxes out on the street in this small town and the local newspaper reported that there has been a letter-napper at large here. There's no way I want my mail coming to that open box at this time. Number Two: At least three guys got upset with me because I could not invite them for a certain weekend in February. What people elsewhere in the U.S. should understand is that those of us in the New Orleans area have Mardi Gras guests planned months—sometimes years—ahead. It would be awful in my opinion to invite a guest and have no bed to offer him or even a space in mine, or a space on the floor to open his suitcase! In addition, a new person might not mix well with the other guests, who are all old friends. The new guy might not mix well with me either if neither of us has ever seen each other before that weekend. It is not the time for first-time guests. Be reasonable, fellas. Thanks for printing this. Tom Horner, Gulf Coast.

PAPA BEAR'S PARTY

[The following letter was sent in by PAPA BEAR, who hosted that magnificent party for us in June. He just wanted to remind us that it wasn't all his doing—that several guys all lent a hand to help make it a great affair to remember. PHC]

This party was held to thank you fellas in a small way for what you've done for the rest of us. But nothing would have happened but for the work of a lot of other neat men. I can't write thank you notes to all of them right now, but here are a few guys who need to be remembered, and if I've forgotten anyone, you guys have a right to chew my ass. (Hmm, maybe I should get in trouble more often.) Special thanks go to Joe, Al, Brian, Clancy, Teddy, Ken, Wayne, Bob, Pat and The Friar for helping out and making sure the old man didn't get too tired. The party was a success, and most important of all, it helped further healthy and understanding relationships between younger and older men in this part of the world. I would hope that this kind of gathering could be done at another time and that others around the country who support CR would plan the same thing. We picked up a number of new subscribers and Pat found new and spectacular models. This is a good way to reach (and bring together) younger and older men who are lonely or who just want to make some new friends. Clancy, one of four younger guys mentioned above, remarked several times about how excited he was to develop friendships with other younger men who appreciate older men as much as he does. Thanks again, Pat and The Friar. Know that a lot of people out here love you both. PAPA BEAR/Russian River

Having just read your Issue #43, I felt I'd better get on the ball and write you both a thank-you letter. You see, I was one of those younger men who stayed on after the Russian River party and talked with the both of you. It was truly the best part of the whole party. I have found it difficult to engage some of my supposed "peers" in anything resembling intelligent conversation, when in fact all that is on their collective minds is "Am I gorgeous . . . ? Is my hair in place . . . ? It's to die for." So you can truly understand why that night was so special. Not only did I meet those *[CR models]* of whom the God's envy, but I found you both so easy to talk to. So I just want to thank you from my heart, that I was allowed that brief span of nirvana on earth. And you can count me as a loyal fan and subscriber until Gabriel's trumpet sounds. And as someone who would rather deal with older men than my peers, please accept my hearty well done on your magazine! SMOKEY/Santa Rosa

THIS IS PROGRESS?

Your comments on gerontophobia are interesting. I find it unnerving that while we are being ignored in all other respects, we are never left off the hit list for donations to all the gay causes. Up until a couple of years ago, I was an easy mark, but now I've finally been monetarily bled to death. I no longer have money to finance causes such as getting gay rights bills through state legislatures. Why? Did you know that only four states—CT, HI, MA and WI—have passed state-wide gay rights laws? Most bills are defeated like the recent Illinois gay rights bill, and the successful ones will probably get repealed in the present hostile environment. Even on the international front, things haven't progressed very far. The World Gay/Lesbian Meeting was cancelled in Guadalajara after conference organizers were threatened with death and the mayor's withholding of police protection. Things are going sour everywhere. *Heartland* in Indianapolis folded recently and so did *OutWeek*, that "discreet" journal which delighted in outing people dead or alive (they were about to out a high level pentagon official when they folded . . . hmmm). When phone sex goes, so goes hundreds of gay magazines. Rumor has it that ACT UP is in trouble, too. Maybe they should let seniors run ILGA, IGLTF, ACT UP, QUEER NATION, BWMT, GLAAD, HRCF, MCC, NCBLG, NGLA, NOW, PFLG and IGLA. Hell, I think we'd do a great job!

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

I hurried home from the post office and opened my mail from Victorville. Seeing my first issue of *CR* made my hectic, stressful day come to a screeching halt. I was both delighted and spellbound by what I read and by the photos I savored. My day was redeemed by your publication! Something is amiss in the marketplace today when so many consumers, expecting one thing for their money, must suffer with something less. *CR* turns that nasty ex-

perience on its head; your magazine is moneysworth . . . and much, much more. My first issue of *CR* is #42 (June 91). JOE, the front cover model blew me away! POPEYER was attractive enough, but his photographer, WOTAN, pictured on page 35 in a self-portrait, just made me crazy. I was pleased to see personal ads from my home state. I have decided to send a note off to one of them. I hope I can meet a compatible guy with whom I can enjoy my time. With love and respect, thank you. J.S./Arizona

SO EASY TO MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

I must stress how moved I have been at just receiving a thank-you letter from a wonderful gentleman from Daytona Beach, Florida, for whom I was able to provide a one year extension to his subscription to CR. It seems so easy to make someone happy, but he put such a glow inside my heart and renewed my faith in mankind. Your devoted efforts towards CR's gradual success in a global scale are followed with deep admiration and respect for you both. TASSIE DEVIL/Australia

[We now have over 100 needy subscribers who are being sponsored by generous, wonderful men like TASSIE DEVIL. If you've lost your job or have been hit with unexpected medical expenses—or if you are just down on your luck—apply for one of our available gift renewals. Our subscribers care for each other.]

AN UNUSUAL HEALTH PROBLEM

I had intended to renew this month; however, due to some medical problems, I'll have to take advantage of your gift renewals. My problem began initially last October with a urinary tract infection. In February, I again had the same symptoms, followed by a recurrence in late May, so I set up an appointment with a urologist. He recommended some x-rays, which I had taken last week (I can imagine the bill, as they took about 40). My doctor showed me the x-rays and explained the problem. He says surgery may be needed to prevent further problems, that scar tissue from a previous surgery is part of the problem. He will run a test soon and I should be able to find out an estimated date for surgery. You see, I was born premature, causing undeveloped genitals. I had no opening in the head of my penis, but there was an opening between my testicles. This was greatly improved with surgery around the age of 12. Until then, I had to sit to urinate. However, the scar tissue from that early surgery is the cause of my current problem, because my bladder will not empty entirely. The medical term for my original problem is *hypospadias*, which means a malformation of the penis in which the opening of the urethra is along the under side. However, mine is an extreme case, as my opening was between my testicles. I would like to hear from guys with *hypospadias* or *epispadias* (the opening is on the top side of the penis) or other similar problems, so if possible could you please print this letter? Their sexual preference does not matter. I hope you can help me. R.Y./North Carolina

[Those of you who would like to contact R.Y./North Carolina, write to him the same way you would write to a model or advertiser with a codeword. We will forward all mail to him. And by the way, M.H./Arkansas generously provided R.Y. with an extension to his subscription.]

A DANGEROUS HEALTH PROBLEM

I decided not to subscribe for the next six months and want to cancel my ad. As I said before, I like your magazine, but I've just been told that I have colon cancer . . . and I'm so young. I feel guilty and think this could be punishment from heaven. I decided not to pursue my own homosexual desires, but live a repenting life now. Please understand my feelings. I still think your magazine is the greatest gay magazine, but not for my current mood. ASIAN TARTAR

[Okay you guys with all the proper credentials, ASIAN TARTAR needs your help on this. Although he didn't ask for any advice, we will still forward all mail to him. Please, no lectures. This man truly believes that his disease is punishment from God and he needs a compassionate, guiding voice.]

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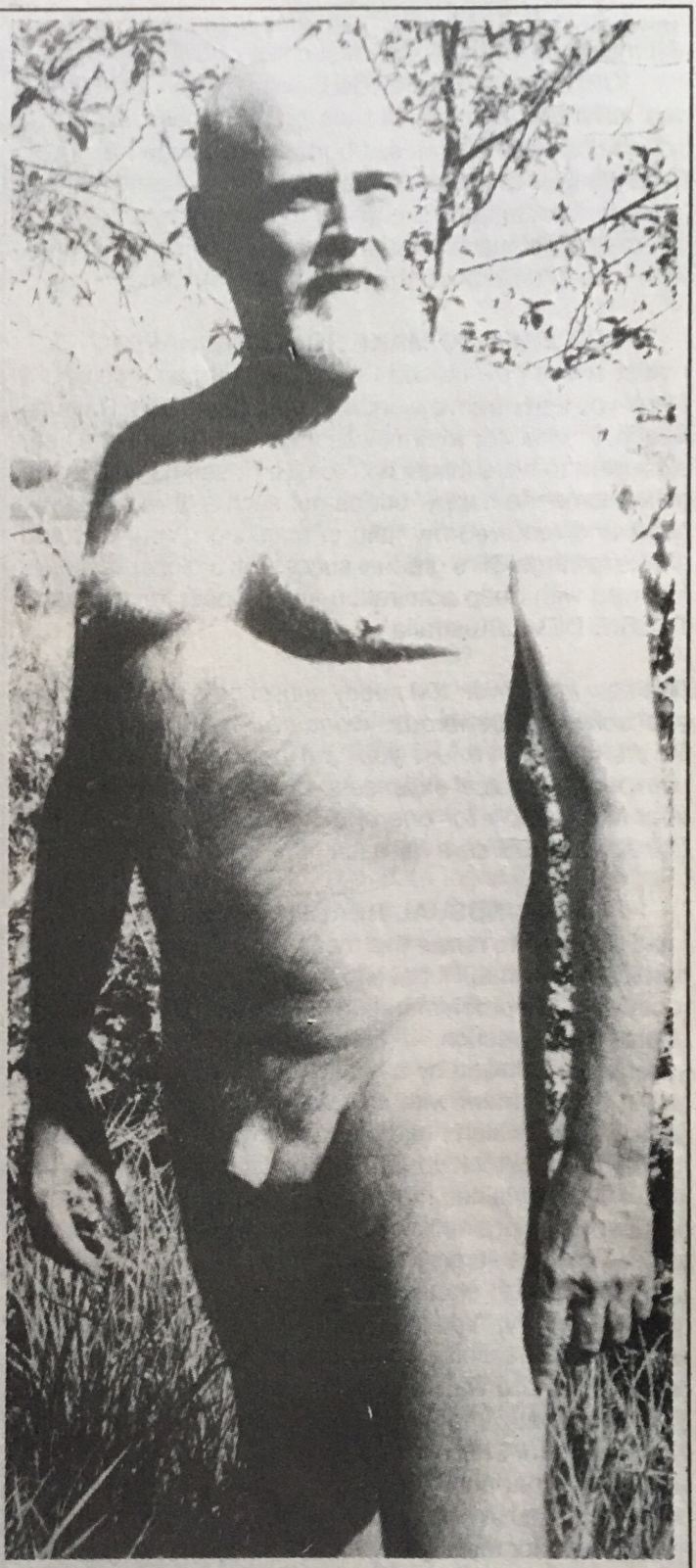
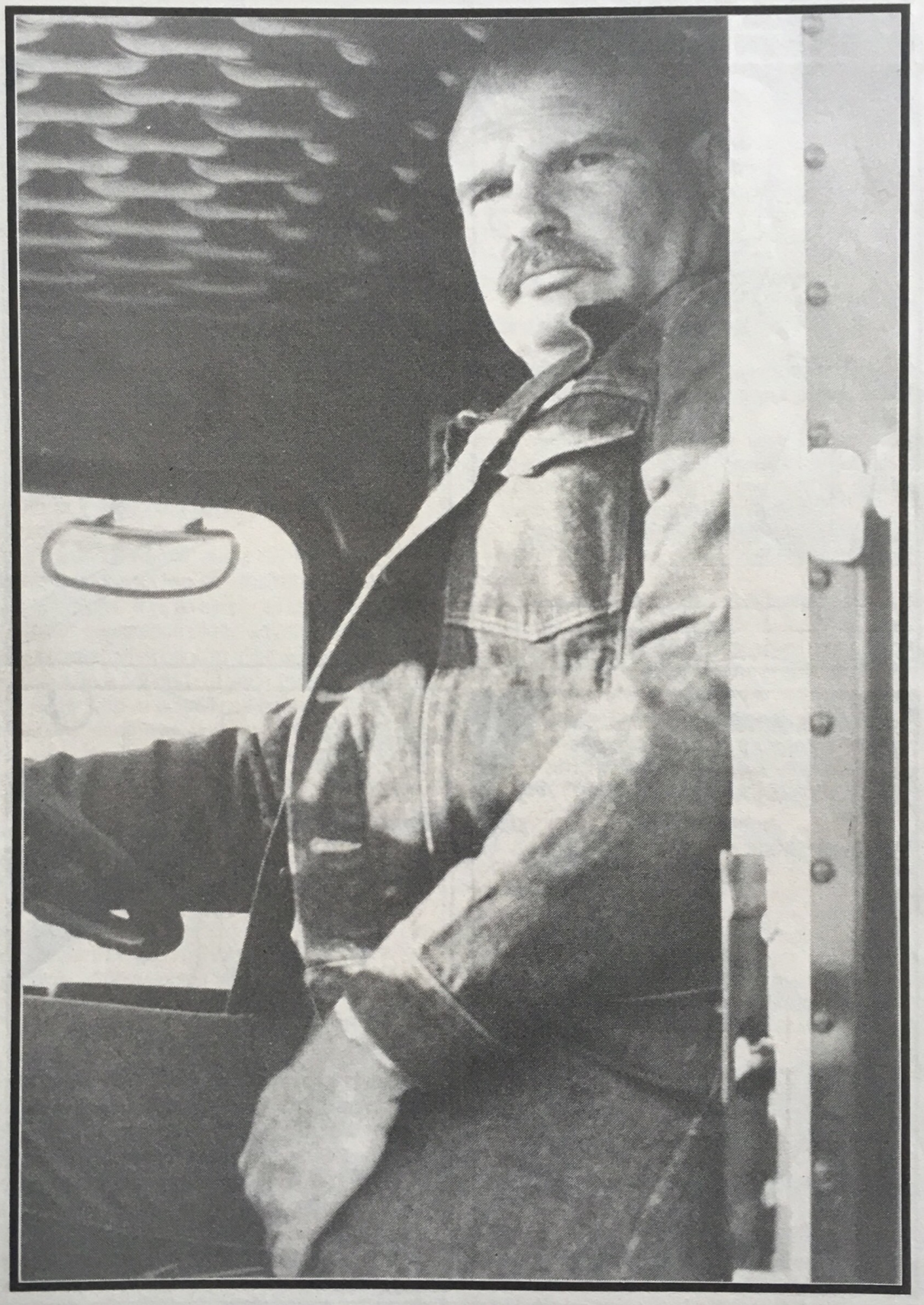


MATT . . . photo by B.B. HEWS

MATT resides in Colorado and lives a positive gay life with his lover. They love to visit friends throughout the west and take lots of photos. MATT also lifts weights.

LONE WOLF

photo by P.H. Colley



SEE PROFILE ON PAGE 35

COACH BIGGS
by QUETZAL
MY GOOD OL' PAL (HA!), COACH BUDDY DIXON, GOT SICK--OR SO TH' CREEP SAID--AN' HE ASKED ME TSTEP IN & TAKE CARE O' HIS SWIM TEAM!
10
I TRY TO BE A GOOD GUY AN' OBLIGE, SO I HEAD OVER HERE & GET INTO MY TRUNKS & HAVE THE GUYS START DOIN' LAPS, TO WARM UP.
THEN ONE SMARTASS COMES OUT O' THE WATER--FORGOT HIS FUCKIN' EARPLUGS-- GRABS MY SIDE LIKE THIS & SAYS, "Y'KNOW, COACH, A COUPLA LAPS WOULDN'T HURT YOU, EITHER"!
I COULDA CREAMED THE DICKHEAD.
THESE "STAR PERFORMERS" GET AWAY WITH MURDER!
NO RUNNING!
©QUETZAL 1991

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

BOOK REVIEW by KENN RICHIE

CITY OF FRIENDS
by EDDY ALLEN
The Other Publishing Co.
soft bound, 244pp, $ 9.95

CITY OF FRIENDS can provide a relaxing light read . . . if you let it. There are ground rules of acceptance, even patience, that are required before the charm can seep through, however. A snappy, fast-paced, full-of-surprises-and-adventure novel, it is not. A wistful vision in the storytelling manner of more gracious times . . . perhaps.

Characters speak in far more literary phrases than any people I've heard lately. Their introductions here are in the form of "sub-story" inserts, usually dealing with first childhood sexual awakenings and having little to do with their lives within the story at hand. Statements and ideas are oft repeated, and small errors of text and topic abound. Gay slang or foreign terms are explained as if the reader has never encountered them before. Stereotypes recite their predictable clichés. The good guys are "swell," while the bad guys are "rats," and there's not much suspense because we know it's all going to turn out fine.

But, so what?

There's a gentle warmth about *CITY OF FRIENDS* that beguiles and enchants like an irresistible infection, in spite of its shortcomings. It is, as simply as its title suggests, a fictional "what if" exploration of the adventures of a gay group (mostly seniors) attempting to establish a community (in this case, a whole county). That's been a beautiful dream of the many who've actually attempted it in several western states and elsewhere, and it is no less a beautiful dream in the imagination of author Eddy Allen in this, a self-published first novel. Allen's love of life and of people is as apparent as his love of words and phrases, and if the combination is not the skilled and polished work we might be accustomed to or desire, the care and kindness of sharing a lovely vision can certainly be a welcome change of pace.

[Available through The Connolly Concern, 711 Eighth Avenue, San Diego, CA 92101, (619) 239-7755. Price: $9.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling.]

ABOUT EDDY ALLEN

Seemingly born with a love for the written word, Eddy Allen first began writing for a public school paper in the Bronx. During WWII, his poetry appeared in *Yank Down Under,* and a song he wrote was officially adopted by his brigade. Back home he discovered underground newspapers and contributed numerous pieces of fiction under twelve pseudonyms. Later, he wrote a gay play which appeared off-Broadway for four separate runs over a period of four years, including a one-nighter at Lincoln Center. *What Can You Buy For A Token* received the theatrical group's Gaylord Award as the best original play for 1974. At Allen's diamond jubilee age of seventy-five, *City of Friends* is his first entry into the field of full-length fiction. ▭

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CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. We seek works that appeal to mature men and their admirers, especially those which hold our seniors in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

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If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, please send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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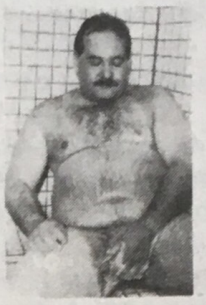

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We've got a lot of back issues we'd like to clear from our inventory. If you, your club or organization would like to have 20 assorted regular issues to pass around to your friends or members, send us just $5.00 to cover shipping and handling and we'll ship them to you via UPS. That's right, just a quarter each! The catch is that you have to take at least 20. All packages will weigh between 5 and 6 pounds and include two each of all the available regular back issues from June 89 through April 91. There's no way in hell you'll find a cheaper way to buy door prizes, Christmas gifts or stocking stuffers. Make sure you send us your street address, because UPS will not ship to a P.O. box.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FAREWELL TO A VERY SPECIAL MAN

We regret to report that THE VICTOR, our very popular model (October 90 Issue) and neighbor, passed away last July. T.V. was a widower who really never recovered from the death of his beloved wife a few years back. Like so many seniors who choose to make a sexual orientation change late in life, he found the transition difficult. But he was on the right track. He was befriended and introduced to CR by a couple of mature Barstow men who included him in so many of their activities. He modeled for CR and received quite a bit of mail from lots of great guys. Things were looking up and he was happy . . . in spite of the fact that he was retaining fluid in his stomach. You see, T.V. had made the common mistake of choosing the wrong doctor.

Having been successfully treated for a heart ailment by a cardiologist years ago, he continued to see the specialist, who acted as his regular doctor. They became pals, and regular physicals amounted to nothing more than a bull session, a stethoscope to the chest and a couple of deep breaths. What neither man realized was that T.V. had developed cirrhosis of the liver, which went untreated for years. In April of this year, the cardiologist/buddy finally became alarmed over the fluid retention and referred him to another doctor. Later admitted into a Long Beach hospital, a resident oncologist made a diagnosis of terminal liver cancer. When he was discharged thirty days later, the oncologist felt he might respond to treatment and offered to help. But before the tumor specialist could start the treatment, T.V. became very ill, and the cardiologist/buddy convinced his daughter to place him in another hospital with which he was affiliated. The oncologist there took a harder line and sent him to his daughter's home to die without any attempt to save him . . . and his family passively went along with it. The daughter placed T.V. in a bedroom and kept him heavily sedated, reluctantly allowing his Barstow friends to visit him.

T.V. passed away peacefully with the younger of the Barstow couple at his bedside. And then, as usually happens, the family turned on his friends. Since he'd not made out a will, his verbal instructions on distributing his belongings were ignored and the daughter took it all, even going so far as to demand back the items her father had given to his friends prior to his illness. No will, no power of attorney . . . just a naive belief that his daughter would respect him in death and abide by his wishes.

He was a sweet man with an exquisite, loving smile. Thank God we captured that smile in our October 90 issue. It wasn't lost. He'll never be forgotten.

SHAMAN'S CIRCLE

In tribal cultures of the past, men who would today be called gay often served in positions of honor. Because of their unique spirit and qualities they received the acceptance and honor of the tribe. Shaman's Circle honors this gay spirit individually. They ask that you join them for a weekend of self-empowerment by gay men in a tribal community. There will feature storytelling, myths, poetry, rituals, small group sharing, drumming, experiential exercises—all from the hearts of gay men. They invite you to explore your Shaman's Spirit in the healing surroundings of the Texas Hill Country, where they will camp under the stars on a beautiful ranch. Men of color, bisexual and straight men welcome. Next Shaman's Circle: October 25th through 27th. For more information call Liberty Books, Austin, Texas - (512) 495-9737 or (800) 828-1279.

FREE PERSONAL ADS

We now have a limited supply of free 40-word personal ads available for those men who are having financial difficulties. If you would like to apply for one, simply fill out a personal ad form and state at the bottom that you would like a free ad donated by one of our generous subscribers. All we ask is that you write your sponsor a letter in care of us and thank him for his generosity.

We also still have gift subscription renewals and gift special issues available.

This is all on the honor system and we will not divulge your situation to anyone else. Your privacy is protected.

AND MORE BAD NEWS

In our December 88 issue of SWAN, we published an incredible piece of fiction by SHANE, a 47-year-old Black New Yorker. Although I never met him, we corresponded regularly and opened up to one another. I pushed him relentlsessly to write more, more, but he was just too busy trying to make a small business work out. The letters slowed to a trickle, then in April 89, he advised that he had AIDS. He never attempted more fiction, but he sent us an occasional letter, most of them upbeat and funny, yet short. It was obvious that even the simple task of writing a letter is monumental for someone with AIDS. We kept his subscription going and provided him with BLK Magazine, which he loved. Incredibly, he survived several bouts with pneumonia and kept hanging on. His last letter was back in January of this year; he was elated that we had featured three men of color in the December 90 issue. We wrote him in May and again in July, but there was no reply. Then a man called on August 18th and told us that SHANE had died on July 3rd, after having been in the hospital for two months.

As I write this, I look through SHANE's file, which contains correspondence dating back to August of 1987. All of it is fresh, witty and warm. The man definitely had a great way with words. He was ecstatic when we published his story and signed his response letter, "Truman Capote." Oh, here's one: "A publication that actually delivers what it advertises . . . what an interesting concept." Another: "But I love Black men. 50. 60. 70. Chunky. Tough, like RAM's drawings. This is my (almost) nightly J/O fantasy. And a few lucky times it's been my reality."

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ZEUS as VULTURE

KEMUSH

While flying low over the Gobi, Zeus sees a specimen lying on an onyx slab and dreaming of marzipan with goatshead cheese. Visibly excited, our fellow human has no knowledge that he has caught the lascivious attention of the celestial predator soaring overhead. Too late, he awakens to find his loins occupied by a fowl weight with a keen omnivorous eye cast directly on his you-know-what.

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has a house/soul mate of 26 years. KEMUSH and Bill avidly collect Southwest Indian art and paint sundry male nudes. KEMUSH insists that these Ovidian legends are from secret Vatican Archives and give the complete picture of Zeus/Jupiter's love bouts with men--not just women--while in various shapes and forms. This is Classic Mythology Revisited!

ZEUS as Buffalo with Bison Bill

While on a leisurely North American reconnoiter, Zeus on high spots a real native in full plumage, a temptation too hard to resist. Thus transaction results as he, Zeus, dons full fur identity and volunteers passage atop his humpy back to the weary Indian, who has sucha headache what with all those feathers yet.

FICTION

SAME DIFFERENCES

by RAY WILSON
as told to KENN RICHIE

"No, I have no fear of flying," I laughed as I answered one of the junior partners of our Miami office. He was surprised that I planned to drive to my next regional sales meeting, scheduled for five days later in Ohio. My reputation for being a hard working company man didn't seem to fit with a plan to leisurely drive through the south with only a vaguely suggested route of back roads in mind. The fact that I'm black and fresh from the concrete of our Manhattan head office probably made my plan even more unusual.

Actually, I'd spoken with the company's president by phone that a last minute change of the Ohio date had given me five extra days that I might use back in New York working on the problem-filled Kingston account. He'd howled that the only "Kingston" I should consider was the one in Jamaica. "You need a little rest. Take it," he'd insisted and urged me to "disappear." So I rented a luxury car and disappeared.

My central desire was to escape concrete in most all of its forms, including major highways. A second plan, perhaps, was to shut off the sounds of big business. I wanted not only to see, but to hear something other than the roar of making a buck. It didn't take long to find small, independent stations on the car's radio that let me relax with mostly country and western sounds. It was the tempo of rural America, dotted by pitches from companies no larger than a local feed store. I suppose I compromised a bit by planning to stay and dine at better known, franchised motels, but I wasn't really trying to rough it. I simply wanted to see and feel a part of the country that I'd heard a great deal about but had never before visited. Even the first splashes of green north of Miami reminded me that I had rarely been beyond the city limits of major high-rise locations, not since I'd been sent to summer camp at age twelve!

"It's a wonderland of story book adventure," a drawling disc jockey said of a sponsoring video rental store. It struck me as the understatement of the century when considered against the feelings I had while driving by farms and fields, through small towns and proud little county seats. Places with parking meters must have been impressive "wonderlands" to many. I wondered if they could be regarded as "story book" by anyone but myself. Who could sense such danger and mystery except one so totally removed from his natural surroundings?

I may never have been here before, but I'd heard enough stories that the locales seemed almost familiar. Only a very few of those stories were tales of kindness and love. Most had been nightmare horrors of hate and ignorance.

I turned the radio off and sought the escape of silence as sight after sight of rural life drifted by. A tall old oak with its Spanish moss flowing in a humid breeze might have been picturesque and lovely, but all it brought to my mind was the story an uncle told of the lynching of his boyhood friend. It had been a terror-filled drama, lit by burning crosses, of a death my uncle narrowly escaped himself.

My imagination took strange journeys of its own with every curve of the road. Here and there, legends and heroes of the civil rights struggle came to mind, while sinister shadows of the late sun turning to twilight prompted thoughts of others who might have been heroes, but had failed and mysteriously vanished.

Darkness was quickly covering my rural surroundings, so I began anxiously looking for signs indicating a town large enough to have a decent motel. The night blanketing my imagination was even more threatening, however. I had to try to assure myself that a quarter of a century had passed since any of my fears would have been justified. "Things are different now," I insisted to my own widening eyes and greying temples as viewed in the side mirror. When I pushed that mirror back to better view the road, however, my heart gave a large thump.

There was no mistaking those flashing red lights. A quick glance at the dash told me that my anxiety had indeed prompted my carelessness. I was a good ten miles over the posted limit. Oddly, this came as something of a relief, for it assured me that there was a legitimate reason why I should be stopped. When I did so, however, the eerie silence of the countryside engulfed me with its forebodings. I swore I could hear my own heart pounding over the distant chirping noises of crickets. The rumble of the car stopping behind me was like thunder, and booted feet twisting in the gravel echoed like bursts of death from a firing squad. Through my newly adjusted mirror, I could see the man emerging from the car. I could distinguish, even in the fading light, that he wore the khaki uniform of his lawman

profession. It never occurred to me to look at his face to determine his race; I simply knew that he was white.

As he approached, I saw that he had a stocky build and something of a pot belly, befitting a man who, no doubt, frequented a roadside tavern during his off hours, swapping "good old boy" stories. His gait was one of confident authority, a man clearly accustomed to giving orders and having them obeyed. As he neared, he removed his hat to wipe his brow on his sleeve. A shining bald spot was surrounded by what was otherwise thick and healthy looking brown hair, sprinkled with grey. His face was freshly clean-shaven, as if he'd just begun his shift. His thick moustache, however, stood proudly in the center on his sleek, blemish-free face. He was deeply tanned, yet a downright rosy redness glowed on his cheeks, even in the twilight blue. He was a strikingly handsome man.

There was something about his approach that I found to be enormously sexual. He'd tugged at his pants and smoothed them as he stepped from his car, a gesture that caused me to reflect on yet another reason why I had sought to escape business world concrete for a few days. I rarely had time for a casual physical encounter with my busy schedule, and the sort of matter-of-fact unions that were plentiful in Manhattan were never very exciting. When I caught myself glancing first to the man's crotch as he stepped from his car, I had to admit that the longing of loneliness had also been a factor in my decision to seek a change of pace and change of scene. I struggled to quickly dismiss such thoughts as foolish, yet the stalking, prowling manner of his sauntering toward my car seemed to take on the suggestion of a courtship ritual.

I'd been traveling with the window open, but still was startled when he placed both hands on the ledge. I had to look carefully to see that he was not wearing gloves. The weathered leather of his thick, strong fingers might have deceived, had it not been for the wisps of dark hair on his knuckles. A lingering glimpse of his chest, where a single button had become undone, revealed an abundance of dark growth there as well. For a man this hairy to appear so clean-shaven was confirmation that he'd only just begun his work. As that did not seem to be an appropriate conversation opening, however, I merely gazed back into the mesmerizing blue-grey eyes that examined me . . . and waited.

"You're goin' a little fast, ain'tcha?" he drawled softly.

"Sorry," I began meekly. "I guess I was." I wondered if my voice and eyes were betraying the strong attraction I felt toward him.

"License?" he asked, seemingly studying me with great interest.

Embarrassed, I reached into my rear pocket. The New York license photo, though not very flattering, was certainly accurate enough, and my description statistics were clear. Male, black, 5'-6", 160 lbs., salt and pepper hair, slightly balding. Still, something seemed to puzzle the lawman—perhaps the sight of a well-dressed black man driving a luxury car on a back country road. Or was it fascination which caused him to make a much closer inspection?

"Well, Ray," he drawled, taking my name from the license. I wondered if it was a substitute for "boy." "You'll just have to come along with me to the station."

My thumping heart warned that it couldn't take too much more and demanded that I curb my vivid imagination, now dancing between sultry southern passions and Hollywood-style lynch mob scenes. I had to force myself to reason that he merely wanted to verify the license, perhaps through a computer. As I was totally unaware of policy in this region, I thought that perhaps he didn't carry a booklet of speeding tickets, and justice was only served at the office. This was, after all, a world where parking meters were impressive.

The notion of stepping on the gas and racing for the next county occurred to me, but it didn't appeal. I simple resigned myself to the task of cooperating, being reasonably pleasant and friendly about the whole thing, and, above all else, being COOL! I didn't know enough about rural law and order to know the man's rank, his actual authority, or even if it was legal for him to require me to follow him to the station without having read me my rights. I simply followed.

We reached a lot beside a rustic looking old brick building in the next small town. It was the county courthouse, but it was dark and silent. Around to the side, however, a lit doorway was marked "Sheriff." Ours were the only two cars in the lot. We may have been in the center of town, the hub of all the county's functions, but I could still hear the crickets.

My arresting officer, whoever he was, reacted with laughter to see me secure my car as any New Yorker would. I double-checked all the windows and doors, tossed the map I'd been using over the stereo, put anything of possible value or interest under the seat, set the alarm and locked it carefully. He, meanwhile, had left his driver's window wide open. For all I knew, he left the keys in the ignition. "Mine doesn't have 'Sheriff' written on the door," I explained.

When he laughed again, it seemed a genuine exchange of humor, and that did wonders to ease my fears. This man wasn't dragging me off into the woods to a Klan meeting, after all. I'd been so quick to assume that he was reacting to my appearance, my color, that I hadn't considered how much I was doing the same thing to him. I'd seen only the classic, stereotyped image of a southern sheriff, when, for all I knew, he was a decent, caring, considerate and kindly man.

I wondered why it's so difficult to see beyond stereotypes.

As I tried to see just a man, I began to again admire his husky shape and his strong, broad back. A large sweat mark in his khaki shirt surrounded his spine down to the belt line, then seemed to funnel into the crevice of his ample, yet firm buttocks. Those circles of flesh rolled gently as he

(continued on page 23)

BOBBY JOE

photo by BUD

BOBBY JOE is a 66-year-old semi-retired Southern Californian. He lives close to the beach and likes cooking, living alone and meeting other seniors.

JOHN BEAR

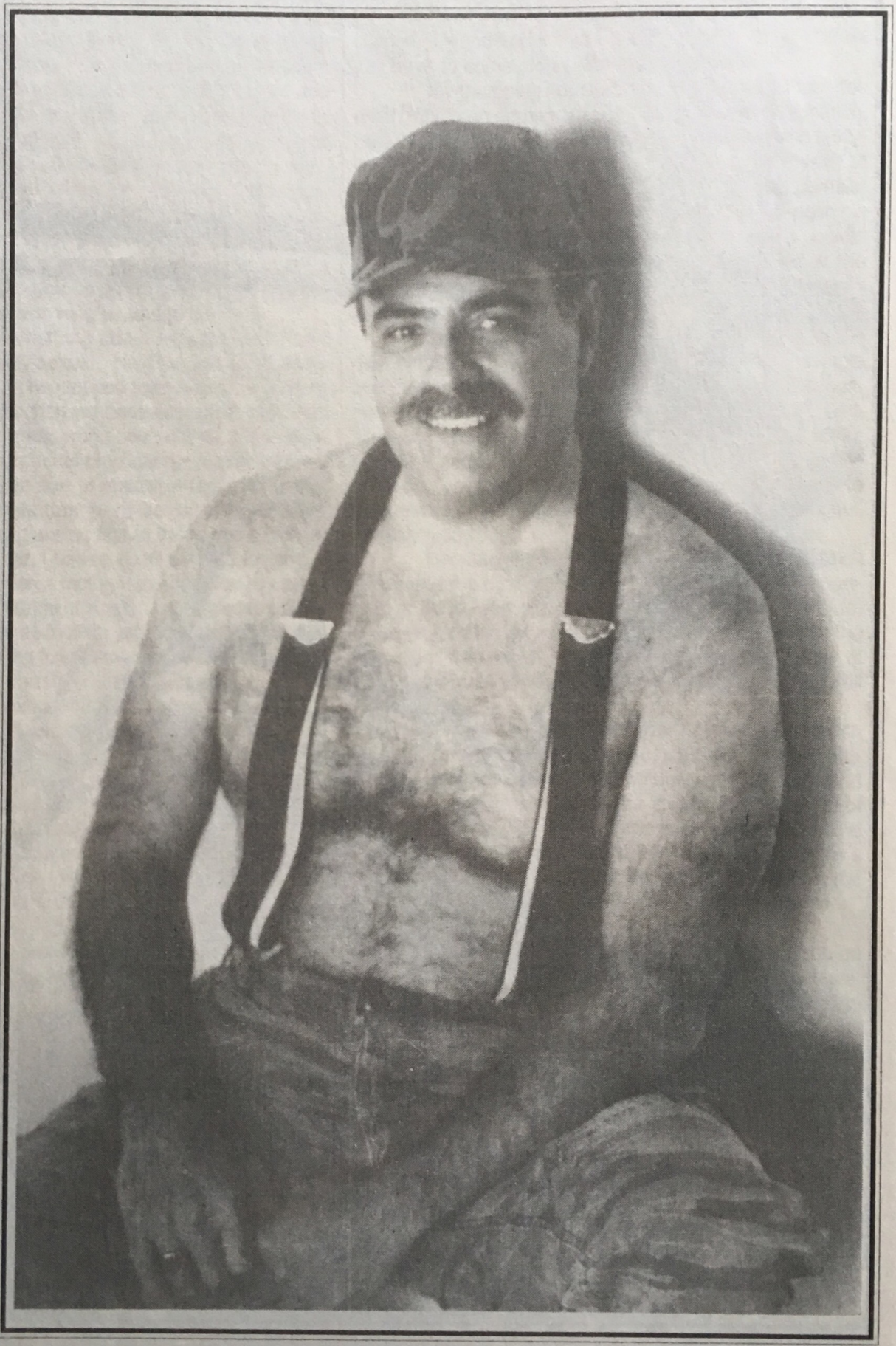


PHOTO BY RICK JONES

JOHN BEAR, one of our most popular models, is a 53-year-old San Franciscan of Italian heritage. Although he's dating a very hot, hairy man in the L.A. area, he would still like to hear from other big, sizzling men.

climbed a short flight of steps to the main office area. I near laughed at my own dilemma. If I thought of him only as a man, I could be arrested for my thoughts!

It was a small and deserted office, just as it was a small and deserted town. There was a cluttered desk with two chairs in front, and a larger swivel chair behind which one could turn to face a radio bench. Still standing, the stocky man used the radio to inform someone that he'd not be taking calls for a while and that they should stay out on patrol for the time being. A voice answered, "Yeah, Sheriff," to satisfy my curiosity about the man's rank and authority.

Still standing, but behind his desk and its symbol of office, he tossed my suspect license on the blotter then stared at it under the bright lamp. He removed his gun belt and weapon, then secured them in a drawer. He looked up from my photo to my face and back again. I tried to offer a smile of assurance, an expression to say that I understood that this was his job and that I was neither angry nor frightened. It may have been my attitude or perhaps it was his desk, but he seemed to inhale the sultry night air as if it boosted his position.

"This here can all go nice and easy if you cooperate," he drawled. "Or, we can go by the book and get us to where it ain't so pleasant. That's up to you."

"Keep it pleasant, by all means," I sighed. "What must I do to pay for my speeding sins?"

"First thing I'd like is for you to strip out of them fancy clothes."

I was dumbfounded. Why would a strip search result from a speeding violation? What else could he suspect that would warrant that? If he thought I was transporting drugs or something of that sort, why did he have me follow in my car, giving me every opportunity to toss such evidence from the window? Surely strip searches weren't standard procedure, and certainly not in a well-lit office with open windows.

He sighed deeply at my obvious dismay and hesitation. "Look, Ray, the judge is gone for the night . . . for the whole damned weekend. I got me some leverage with him about handlin' these here things, but I gotta do everything there is to do and write it all up for him. I think we'd both rather I just wrap this up and not have to go callin' him to come on down here, or makin' you wait until Monday. If I do everything I'm supposed to, I can let you go with no more than his minimum fine. That's eighty bucks."

"Eighty?"

"That's the best it gets. This here judge thinks a couple a hundred and a few days in jail is right for speedin'. If I go and bother him at home right now, he sure ain't gonna be in no mood to let you go for only eighty."

"I'll strip," I moaned, reluctantly starting to do so. I tried to maintain some dignity by folding my slacks carefully over the back of the chair, and I stopped when I was down to my underwear and socks. I answered his impatient look with a meaningful glance to the window.

"All the way," he insisted in a droning, low voice. "But, you can leave your socks on, I reckon, just in case there's some foot fungus stuff around this place."

I didn't seem to have much choice, so *all the way* it was. I almost wished the town's ladies would pass that open window on their way home from a church meeting. The screams they might give to the sight of a naked black man spotlighted by a desk lamp might make this Sheriff sorry he insisted.

Because I felt so humiliated, it occurred to me that perhaps this was exactly what he wanted me to feel. Maybe this wasn't done as procedure, nor was he suspicious of hidden contraband. Was he simply determined to put me in my place by making me feel small, defenseless and vulnerable? Whether this was lingering racism or borderline S & M sexual positioning was a question that jolted through my vivid imagination. But undressing for a man I found to be so attractive was having an effect on me, regardless of the circumstances.

Instinct told me to try to cover my private parts with my hands, but the steely eyes of the sheriff wandered over my entire body, allowing no chance of modesty. He stared at me, unblinkingly, for what seemed several minutes.

"Grab your clothes and follow me," he ordered in a deep voice that wavered slightly, as if he too felt exposed. The longer he admired my body, it seemed, the more aware he became that I was also exposed to the window's view. Now, at last, we'd step out of sight.

He led me down a small corridor that flickered with fluorescent lights coming on at his turn of the switch. He hesitated a moment before entering a room to the left, snapping another switch in the hall that flooded it with brightness.

I assumed it was a holding cell, yet it defied my concepts of such a place. It was the size of a rather large bedroom and featured not just a slab, but a metal twin-size bed, complete with springs and a mattress. There were some clothes hooks on the wall, if not actual hangers, that my host indicated with a pointing gesture. Opposite the bed, a table, where he fingered a cardboard box about the size of a shoe box. In my confusion, I hadn't noticed if he'd carried it with him, or if he'd found it there. A surprising feature for a cell was a full length mirror opposite the door. It seemed a fragile item, considering that a two-foot-high metal stool was placed before it, virtually illustrating how easily it might be smashed. Another strange feature of the room was a hip-high support rail, stretching the length of the wall to a smaller door I presumed to be a closet or a toilet. With the mirror and rail, the room seemed more a place for a ballet class than a setting for criminal investigation.

"I want you to step on over by the mirror and put your right foot on that stool there, then bend over and grab the rail with both your hands."

There was no dignity left to protect. I could only obey. I had sensed that the man relished his authority, so it was no great surprise that he'd misuse it to take a commanding role now. When I heard him close and latch the door to the hallway, however, the struggle and the

tension of trying to cooperate grew to a near breaking point. While I had been only hesitant and nervous, I was beginning to feel some genuine anger and terror.

The old story book images returned. Bending over suggested taking a whipping. If he didn't have a bull whip coiled in that box, he was wearing a pretty menacing black leather belt! Somehow I managed to remain calm, however, for I knew there could be no such thing as a fair fight. I had no choice but to remain calm. I had little hope of escape save to try to understand the man.

We were both about the same age. We must have had some things in common that would let us respect one another. It was only our environments and our colors that differed. We were both human beings, after all. He was a rugged, trained law man who, no doubt, broke up fights — or started them—on a weekly basis, so he clearly had that physical advantage. My office-bound schedule rarely allowed a half hour at the gym.

Being stripped and ordered to bend over was already beyond any justification. I considered the revenge I might have by reporting it to the press, or by filing charges of some sort. I could have a battery of legal geniuses from our company sail into this redneck with no end of law suits. I *could* fight back, in *my* way, but that did me no good at the moment. For now, I was to bend over with my ass out and vulnerable.

Anger and fear became dangerous emotions. For all the images and memories I'd had earlier about the nightmare history of this part of the country, I too was reaching for thoughts of revenge and violence. I had only jumped to the stereotyped conclusion that he meant to find some twisted pleasure in whipping me.

A glance up into the mirror told another story. The stone-faced sheriff had taken a tube of something from the box and was applying it to his fingers. Obviously, it was a lubricant, and his intention was to make a rectal search. Unpleasant and offensive as that was, it was a relief to see that he hadn't found a whip. There was no rubber glove, I noticed. *Wasn't he supposed to wear a rubber glove?*

As he stepped close behind me to begin, I remembered the leathery thickness of his fingers upon my car door. *Cooperate*, I demanded of myself. *It'll be easier if you cooperate*. I wanted only to get it over with, then get the fuck out of that place and head for Ohio. I'd had prostate exams by doctors, and there had been experiences done in the name of romance, so it couldn't be any worse than that, I insisted to myself.

The lubricant hadn't been on his finger long enough to become warm, so I tensed and jerked in response to his first touch. As if to catch me and forbid another move, he slapped his other hand around my thigh to hold me in place.

His greased finger pushed at my puckered anus. For all my urging to submit, my sphincters tightened to try to prevent his entry. I felt his finger circle about, toying with that squeezed tight ring until I managed to relax.

The finger penetrated, then slowly oozed its way deeper. There was a sharp burning sensation at the entrance, but it soon began to subside as I relaxed my grasp on the invading thickness. The length of finger inside my body offered no discomfort at all. In fact, it felt rather pleasant; it was a caressing sensation. Soon enough he was up to his hairy knuckle with the probing digit. Once there, he began curling it about, stirring and churning in his quest to find . . . what?

My entire lower body began to respond to the warm moves of his thick, hard reach. I no longer felt pain, only a submissive acceptance, even seeming to want to invite an even deeper probe. As his stretched finger widened its circles within me, I tried to deny the pleasure I felt, but I could not.

When this began, I had tensed my entire body. Now that defense was fading. Feeling not only returned to me, it grew to incredible sensitivity. For the first time, I realized that when he had grabbed my thigh to hold me in place, his fingers had grabbed my dangling cock as well and had pressed it to my leg. I now felt inadvertent thrusts of blood flowing into that limp prisoner with every heart beat.

His finger continued to search about in the dark cavern, long after he had surely been convinced that I was not trying to smuggle stolen property. The pleasurable sensations of feeling its solid strength stirring through my silky soft insides argued with my hopes that he would be quickly satisfied and withdraw.

He did not. Instead, his finger began to add easy, sliding, in-and-out moves to its circular actions. My cock head was swelling under the fingers of his other hand as if trying to free itself from his grasp. I summoned all of my resistance to try to urge him away, but managed only a rather pathetic, throaty plea of, "Sheriff . . . ?" This was answered with an end of pretense in both his hands. The finger in my ass began steady sexual strokes, while those of his other hand fully encircled my rapidly growing cock and began manipulating the skin up and down the hardening core.

"I told you this could be real nice if you wanted it to be," he soothed in my ear. He was close enough that the breath of his whispered words curled about my ear lobes and tickled at the hairs beyond. "A little cooperation is all it takes, all it ever takes, right? We can even have us a damned fine time, hmmmm?"

We both gave ourselves to the sensations. I glanced back to see that his face reflected a near cherub-like look of ecstasy as he rolled his head back, nodding in tempo to his finger thrusts and his caressing strokes of masturbating my spearing hardness. He had closed his eyes in abandoned surrender to the pleasure. I felt his crotch pressed to my left leg, riding to the steady beat that rocked us both. I could feel the hardness inside his trousers as it slowly ground itself against my butt.

I became lost to the thrusting duet. It seemed that his was the answer to the real needs I had felt for months. It was what prompted me to want to drive off into unknown country in hopes of finding solutions to unknown longings.

This was totally abandoned man-to-man sex now, sex with an earthy, genuine and brutishly handsome man. It was a far cry from the carefully closeted, career-cautious encounters I knew in my own concrete society. It seemed there were no subtle needs for role playing, no social or business opportunities to be served. There were only the demands of lust. I wanted him to go on forever.

I whimpered in disappointment when the sheriff suddenly released me and withdrew his finger.

"Turn around and sit down," he meant to command, but his voice trembled with such sexual urgency that it sounded more like begging. The bulge of hardened flesh straining in his khaki pants pulled and tugged the material toward his left leg, distorting the natural lines. I felt edges of his handkerchief tickle across my sweating brow as he wiped his fingers. Then, I thrilled to the view, the feel, the scent and the promise of the stretched pants so close before my eyes. He planted his still booted feet firmly on either side of the stool and thrust his swollen crotch to my face with such power that I near fell backwards. Instinctively, I grabbed at him to prevent such a tumble. A rounded orb of tightened ass cheek filled each of my hands.

My lips felt as if they were being scraped by sandpaper as my mouth sought to explore the manhood before me. Even through the rough texture of his uniform, I could clearly identify the shape, form and size of his enraged shaft, pulling its cargo of knotted balls after in its struggle for freedom. I began to mouth at the dry, rough material and nuzzle its incredible heat to my cheeks and my chin. My hands kneaded at the pillows of his ass until I felt them tighten and relax, tighten and relax, as he pushed surging blood thrusts into his raging cock. My lips and tongue worked feverishly to dampen the rough cloth, to chew through its cruel separation of his mighty cock and my eager mouth.

"Cooperation," he gasped, starting to try to pull back from me, only to be held that much more insistently by my grasp. "This here is cooperation," he mumbled. "You don't have to . . . I ain't forcin' . . . . You gotta want this, want to do it. You gotta want to open my belt, pull my pants down and go for it. Ain't nothin' official-like no more. You gotta want to do it . . . want it bad."

At that point, I wanted nothing else.

It seemed a time beyond a point of no return for him to now be quite so concerned about consent, for both of us were totally lost to the excitement of what we were doing. Somehow, it flashed in my mind that it was important to him to be assured that I wouldn't later file a claim that I had been forced. I released my hold on his buttocks in order to tug and yank at his heavy belt buckle. No words could assure of my consent better than these eager actions, I thought.

As quickly as the belt buckle fell to the sides and I was able to free the top pants buttons, the sheer force of his raging hardness tugged the zipper and sent it to the inseam with a shrill buzzing sound. I peeled the heavy pants down his muscular legs, exposing boxer shorts. The slit was opened wide with thick pubic hair spilling out, and the flimsy material threatened to rip apart from the searing weapon it could not hope to contain. With only a slight tug, the enraged cock forced itself through the seam and raced toward my adoring eyes.

What appeared to be an ample sheath of foreskin had already retreated partially from the head, and only formed a scarf-like collar around the formidable bulb. Heavy bushes of brown hair exploded from every seam of the garment, sparkling here and there with strands of spun silver. A fresh dew drop of syrupy juice formed in the yawning little mouth-like slit of his cock head. It began to curl under, as if thinking to cling to the taut little hinge of flesh on the underside, only to be betrayed by its own weight.

I caught it quickly on the tip of my tongue, and felt the rush of saliva pour into my mouth from somewhere behind my cheeks. I tried to blend the precious drops of delicious flavor and wash my mouth thoroughly as I reached up to tug the veil soft undergarment down his legs. His thick cock bowed gracefully under the pressure of the elastic, then sprang back up in its celebration of total freedom. It fell forward, then began pulsing slightly upwards as it stretched and grew even larger before me.

The saliva in my mouth swirled in its demands for more and greater taste sensations. I held the base of his cock gently, as I might have held a pencil, then served it to my lips. I reached my tongue out to wash carefully the glistening fruit and its leathery collar. The hardened glans curled my upper lip and slapped against my nose as my tongue bounced it, washing out the crevices and toying with the hinge that seemed to attach it to the heavy shaft. If he had recently shaved, he'd recently showered as well. I could detect a vague odor of one of those popular brands of men's soaps, mingling with the far sweeter, far more delicious aroma and taste of the man himself. Even if he had spent only a few short hours, only minutes, at his job behind the wheel of his official car, the task had produced a whisper thin coating of vaguely salty masculinity. It was to be savored in spite of how urgently the one promising droplet had excited me to devour the whole of him!

"Ohh, damn," he moaned, his ass trembling as I renewed my grasp on it.

My lower lip caressed the fleshy folds of his scrotum as my nose burrowed into the hairy flesh of his body. I could feel the firm egg-like balls dangling against my chin. The enormous cock head lodged itself into the tight passageway of my throat. I grasped his ass cheeks tightly and pulled his body into my face as hard as I could. I could neither breathe nor swallow, but held him there as long as I dared, tightening my lips around the base of his shaft, flexing my tongue along the softer, sensitive underside tube. I sucked hard, folding my inner cheeks snug to every surface of the hardness.

In his excitement, his legs parted slightly, allowing me to slip one hand between them. My thumb rode on his tight clenched sphincter; the side of my finger caressed the damp warmth of his underbelly while its tip toyed with the notion of presenting him with something of a rectal search

of my own. My thumb, meanwhile, caressed his heavy balls as they quickly began to knot up and churn eagerly.

There was only a long, low, droning moan of resignation and surrender to announce the inevitable, but his both hands grasped the back of my head and pressed me hard to his belly. My tongue felt the rush of throbbing fulfillment, not in spasms, but in a full, seemingly steady stream. I felt the power and force of it far beyond the reaches of his cock in my throat. It was several moments later before the thick bounty filtered back up to my mouth itself, where my tongue was finally rewarded with its taste. Again, I held his cock deep and motionless for as long as I dared for want of breath.

Finally, I felt that last discharge of thick cream fall gently over my tongue. As I snorted for breath, I gulped eagerly at the abundance he'd released.

I was so pleased that he had been satisfied that I did not mind his using his hands to pull my face from his still hard, glistening cock. The thought that there might yet be another drop prompted me to dive anxiously back for one last attempt to catch it on my tongue before he stumbled from me, panting and exhausted. My hands dropped toward the floor, for I was now more kneeling than seated on the small stool. My fingers seemed weightless, and they bounced over my own hardness.

The throbbing lance demanded new attention. I circled my fingers around it and pulled. The movement and touch, with its promise of quick relief, shot through my entire body.

"Don't do that," the sheriff responded, still gasping. It might have been a command, an official order, but it sounded more like a plea.

Still kneeling in total submission to his wishes, my hands fell to my sides to leave my cock jutting out from my body. It bounced with throbbing strokes of its own. I thought I might have an orgasm into the air without stimulation other than watching the slow, near stumbling steps of the masculine figure as he struggled to regain his strength.

He staggered to the table, bracing himself on his arm for a moment. "Ohhh . . . Oh, man! Get on that bed over there, Ray. Lie down and relax a minute. Lie down."

I did as I was told. Flat on my back and staring at the clean painted ceiling, I felt my cock still throbbing and reaching from my belly. It felt enormous, like a heavy weight hanging over me. I turned my head to the side and gasped at what I saw.

The sheriff had begun removing his clothes quickly and efficiently. He simply undressed, yet every movement, every new glimpse of his body, thrilled me more than any expert stripper could have hoped to with a deliberate performance. His body . . . his *entire* body, was magnificent!

I could not avoid a whimper of wild excitement when I watched him find a tube of lubricant and apply a generous glob to his fingers. I felt that I didn't dare believe my own eyes when he reached behind himself to smear that lube between the pillow rounds of his ass. He worked it into the warm valley, smiling as he stared at my cock rising like a flag pole.

Once he had worked it thoroughly, he returned to his pants, found his wallet and a small packet. It was a relief to know that even in this rural setting, he was aware and responsible. How far were we from the buildings and the concrete of the world I know? The same news media had given the warnings, and the same products were used in reply. If distance was no longer a barrier, was time?

His thick, hard cock remained firm as he stood over me for a long moment, smiling as he viewed my body. For the abundance of his climax that I had devoured, I thought it strange that his cock didn't fall to rest.

He placed his hand on my knee and pulled my leg to the side. My foot dropped to the cold cement floor to give him room to sit between my legs.

Again, I closed my eyes, perhaps more to struggle with my own disbelief that this fantasy situation was actually happening, than to submit to the pleasures he sought to offer. It seemed impossible, yet it was real. If time hadn't passed, if things hadn't changed, would a stocky, stern, rural southern sheriff caress the leg of a naked black man? Unthinkable?

I wondered. Perhaps not unthinkable, merely unspeakable, I considered. It might well have happened in those Jim Crow days, but it would never be known. If told, it would not be believed. Was this still the case? Would anyone believe this if I told of it?

I wondered how many men of my color might have been fondled in this way, used sexually, with or without consent, by such white authority figures as this. Why shouldn't it have happened? It was a perfect condition, an ideal opportunity, for no black man would ever dare tell of it. No other white authority figure would listen or believe if he did. I wondered if times had really changed, or if this was no different a pastime for a quiet, sultry night than it had been for this man's father or grandfather. Was it the custom of this sheriff to wait to arrest a black man on such a night simply because he felt horny and wanted to play this scene? How many others might have been before me on this bed, perhaps not as willing as me, perhaps men who were heterosexual, but felt they had no choice but to cooperate?

He circled his fingers around the base of my cock and fed it to his lips. He kissed and tongued at the solid head like a child adoring an ice cream cone. Could he still believe I was only cooperating out of fear of his authority?

"Suck that cock," I growled. "Suck that hard cock! Take it!"

For a moment, the surprise I felt over my own words and tone blended with hesitation and a bit of pride. I'd certainly announced that I was the dominant sexual partner of the moment, and that it was his turn to service me. It was he who would kneel and cooperate. "Suck that cock, man!"

There was a strange little whimpering sound in his throat, but it was quickly silenced by a raging hard shaft that

lodged itself deep and pressed tight. There was no more bullshit about who was in command. "Yeah, man," I growled, not only to voice my appreciation, but to make it clear that he was not "using" me for his own delights.

Once again, I was taken to the brink, and felt an orgasm welling in my guts when he lifted his face from me. He sat up and looked down into my eyes with a playful little Mona Lisa smile on his wet lips. "You ain't thinkin' this here's a way to beat a traffic ticket, now, are ya? Like I said before, you gotta want it. The law part is in that uniform, and I took it off. I'm just another ordinary guy now."

"It's still a jail."

"You want to go to my place or a motel, maybe?"

"I can imagine what the locals would say if we checked into a motel," I answered. "We aren't the same color, but we *are* the same sex."

"I noticed that," he laughed, leaning over to baby kiss the swaying head of my cock. "I don't think folks would say too much. I don't make no big show of it, but I reckon most folks around here know I ain't ever been married. There ain't so many fine lookin', sexy guys like you around here to get me turned on enough to show my hand."

"You're not so bad yourself," I chuckled assuringly.

"That's how I like it," he sighed. "Just a couple of hot guys havin' a good time." He rose to his knees between my legs again. "Hold still," he whispered. "Let me do this." I felt his fingers toy with my strained taut flesh, then roll a condom down its length. "You gotta move over and give me some room on this bed, Ray."

I swung my leg over his head and jumped to my feet beside the bed. By the time I turned back, he was flat on his back, his legs apart and lifting in anticipation of my kneeling between them. His inviting buttocks curled up to welcome me. I looked down at the curious color combinations. His tanned body gave way to whiteness at the belt line, then turned again to the reds of his enraged cock. The dark browns and silver of his pubic hair contrasted against the clear, silky whiteness of his ass. At the same time, my own ebony legs pressed close in harmony as they served a cock that appeared metallic grey with the shading from the condom.

"Do it . . . fuck me good." He eagerly fed my cock to its target, squirming and rolling from the moment it popped through his clenched sphincters.

My eyes were glazed with the thrill I felt, yet I managed to look down into his face. His eyes opened wide and danced about excitedly, then closed tightly for a moment of pain-pleasure. Still deeper I ventured, his guts churning and caressing. His chest heaved as he gasped in anxious acceptance of me.

I sank the last inches into his body with a sudden thrust. He cried out in joy. I wanted to hold still and deep, to savor the sweet softness, but he wildly squeezed and squirmed at me. "Go, man. Do it. Do it hard!" When I began with only long, slow, gliding strokes, he seemed impatient and demanding. "Do it, man! Shove that hot cock into me! Hard, baby! Fuck that white ass!"

My mind was so filled with the pleasure of slow and caressing moves that his attempt to fire me into heavier action almost didn't work. I didn't fail to hear it, however. He wanted the act to be rougher, and he thought to achieve that by provoking anger? I resisted, insisting on my own preference of slow, gliding strokes. I would build to full passionate thrusts in my own way.

"This is gonna cost you eighty bucks all the same. Ram that black dick into me!"

It was his victory, for I flashed just enough anger to take me over the edge into power. Gentle insertion and withdrawal ended, and I pounded into him with every intention of forcing his eyes to bulge out of his skull.

We were both grunting and bellowing like animals by the time I filled him with a release that seemed to represent twenty or thirty years worth of pent-up tensions. The bounty of it as captured in the condom astonished both of us when I finally withdrew.

We returned to the bed and lay naked together after washing, sharing the task of drifting back to our real worlds. There was a genuine afterglow pleasure in being together. We were simply two men who had just enjoyed a session of exciting sex. My fancy car was parked outside; his uniform was tossed across the table. We felt warm and comfortable, satisfied and happy together.

"That deputy is due pretty soon," he sighed. "I reckon we'd better get up and get dressed."

A few minutes later at his desk, everything seemed strangely official and forbidding once again. He was the authority, the law, and I was the law-breaking speeder, standing before him for justice.

"Here's your license, Ray," he said, returning it. "You can go on and get out of here. I was only kiddin' about makin' you pay the fine before. We can just forget about that. I was only tryin' to get you goin' a little harder, that's all."

"Out of anger?"

"Works that way sometimes. Sometimes a . . . well, a man *like you* . . . he can get to be a real strong fucker if he's a little sore about somethin'. It's easy enough to do that, seein' as what my job is and all."

"I like to make love. I don't see how that can be done out of anger."

"Maybe that's what makes you so different, Ray. You don't seem to have too much of that anger stuff inside you."

"Don't be too sure," I both confessed and warned as I stuck the license into my pocket and started for the door. Something stopped me, however, prompting me to turn to ask, simply, "What is the speed limit in this county?"

"For you? I reckon it would be just about anywhere over ten miles an hour, if you like to come on back."

"I don't think I'm all that different from other men . . . *like me*, as you say, Sheriff. But this is the rural south after all, and I don't think I belong here."

He shrugged and I walked out of the office.

I was troubled enough with my thoughts about the whole adventure to drive quite a distance before finding a motel. If there had been changes in the last quarter of a century, what were they? Does anything ever really change? Two men had enjoyed sex. Two consenting adults. Yet, the old ideas, the old rules of play, the old deep-rooted feelings could not be left out of it. He'd played on them, and I had done the same. Neither of us had been able to simply be men. We had to be black and white.

Will it ever change?

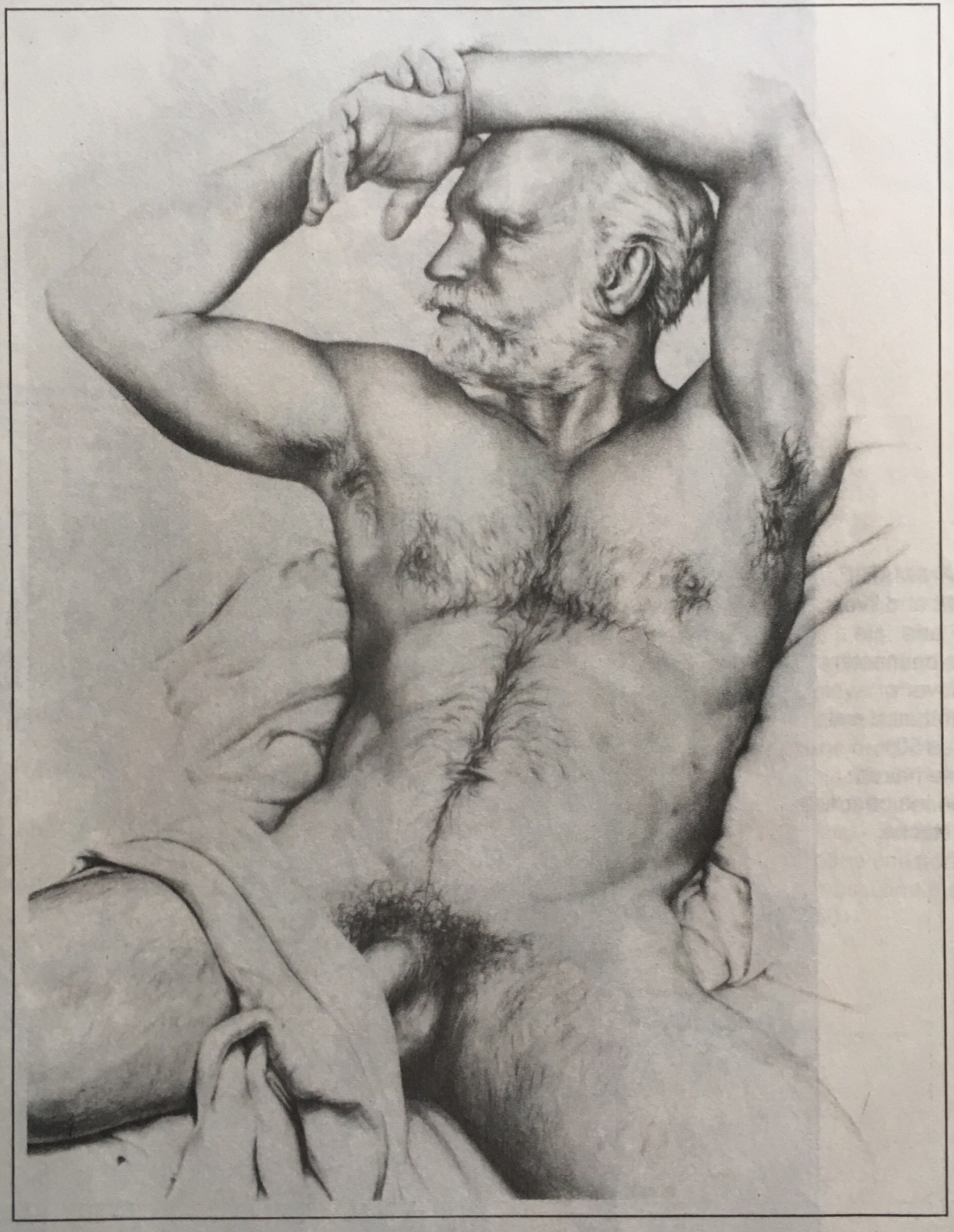
[RAY WILSON is a handsome, middle-age black man who lives in Southern California. One need only refer to the above to see what kind of man turns him on.

KENN RICHIE, a CR cofounder, is one of the finest fiction writers in gay erotica. This Los Angeles senior is also an award-winning playwright and successful screenwriter. His heart is with us, however. An extraordinarily insightful and generous man, he is one of our best supporters.]

THE ARTWORK OF

"Capturing the moods of men on paper is a time-consuming obsession, but I have fun at what I'm creating and want others to enjoy it, too."

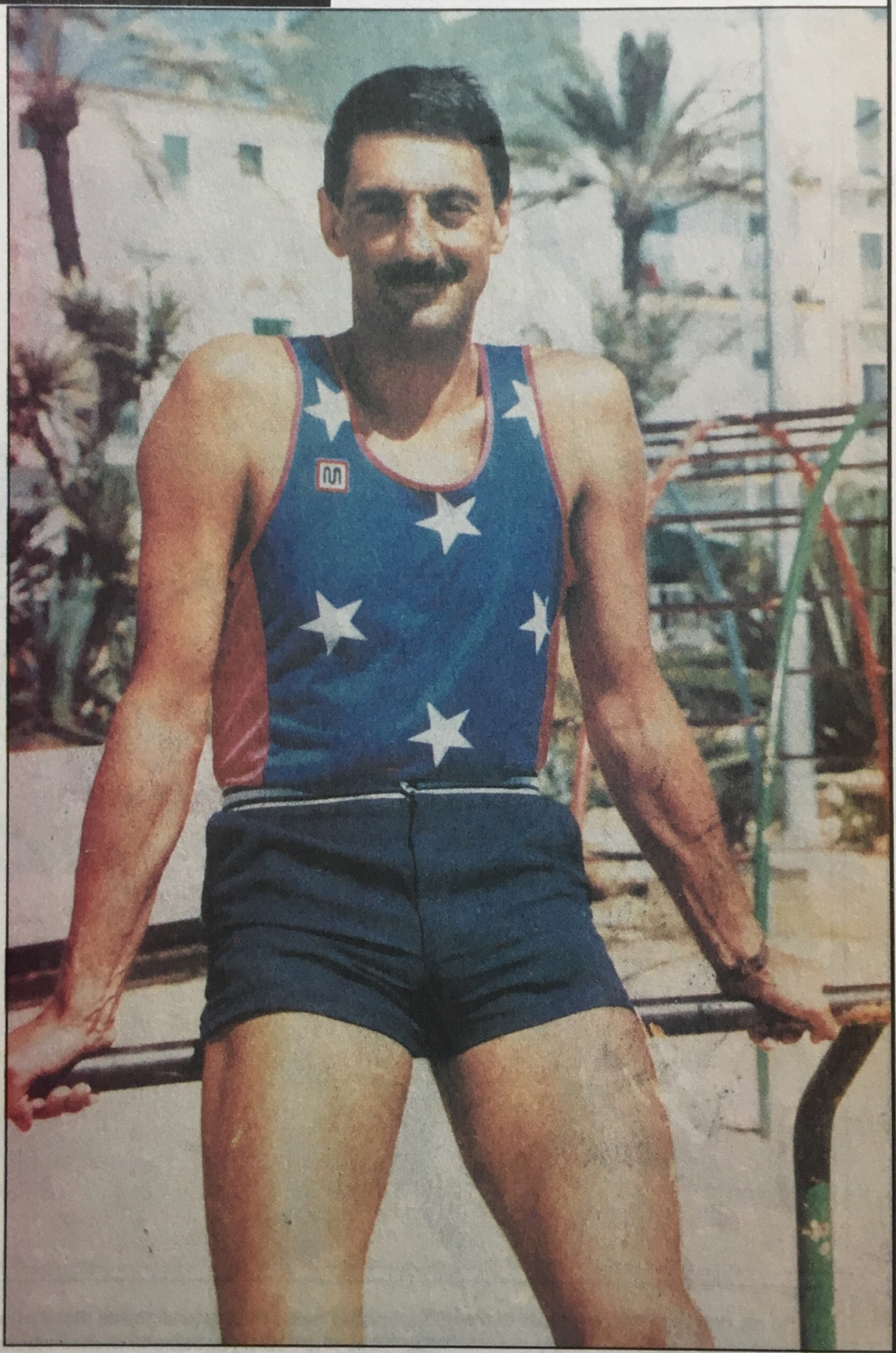
WALT HENRY



"In my drawing I restrict myself to the subject I know best. Hoping to stimulate those who appreciate what I try to capture, I rarely show background so that nothing detracts from the main subject."

JEAN-MARIE

PHOTO BY J.M.



JEAN-MARIE is 48 and lives in Paris. He can be master or lover or friend, and just loves 50+, white haired men, no beard, no stache.

PHOTO BY KRIS

ACE

ACE, at 31, 6 feet and 170#, is a highly-ranked tennis player who loves all sports, the outdoors, classical music and relation-ship-oriented, hairy-chested, masculine men, 50+.

OPINION

OUTING AS TERRORISM . . . by EXOCET

Never has a piece of writing so disgusted me as the cover story in The *Advocate*'s August 27th issue. The story was written by that consummate outing impresario and unemployed editor/writer, Michelangelo Signorile. You remember him; he founded that recently decapitated rag, *OutWeek*, and is known for outing Malcom Forbes *post-mortem*.

Seems as if *OutWeek*/Signorile was about to out a very high-level pentagon official (I'll call him "X" and stick with the principles of this magazine). But when *OutWeek* bit the dust, Signorile approached that bastion of left-wing radicalism, *The Village Voice*, with his "scandal." The verdict? They rejected the piece as an unwarranted invasion of privacy. But wait! A couple of weeks later, the *Voice* permitted one of its columnists to summarize the allegations, complete with the official's name. The rationale? "The official's identity had been so widely circulated by others that continued restraint would have been futile." In other words: "Hey, guys, let's not let Jack Anderson scoop us!" So where did Signorile's story finally end up? Why, at our "national gay and lesbian newsmagazine," *The Advocate*, of course, complete with exaggerated, flaming headlines (DID THIS MAN RUIN 2,000 LIVES?) and a self-righteous, pretentious preamble by editor-in-chief, Richard Rouilard.

Rouilard has the gall to insist that *The Advocate* is above the "gratuitous outing" of celebrities and politicians and would never stoop so low as to out anyone based on rumor and innuendo. Yet they've done it countless times, either blatantly or through innuendo, with celebrities out the kazoo, both dead and alive, usually by reporting on it second hand. But the part that really stuns me is Rouilard's condescending statement: "homosexual homophobes *[I think he means homosexual conservatives and Republicans]* deserve our scorn, our censure, and eventually our pity and help." Someone hand me an airsickness bag because I'm gonna *BARF!* This has to be one of the most warped, irrational examples of justification ever printed. Read it and weep for the future of gay and lesbian journalism.

There are three very important factors to address here:

1. Where's the proof that X is gay? It's all gossip and innuendo. Quote after quote is followed by: " . . . says a congressional aid (or countless other 'sources') who requested anonymity." And we're supposed to believe that Signorile's journalistic integrity will preclude his making up this crap? The only sources he names are gay activists who are probably thrilled to see their names in such a titillating article. He even uses *second hand hearsay*, for God's sake! One can't read the article without actually hearing the voices of lisping queens bragging about their conquests in a sleazy gay bar around closing time.

2. Where's the proof that X is a policy maker? More gossip and innuendo. The fact remains that both Signorile and *The Advocate* (and *The Village Voice* and Jack Anderson, for that matter) are so pathetically off base in their left-wing zeal to zap the fascist oppressors. There are two separate Defense Department policies relative to homosexuals. Civilian homosexual personnel are allowed into just about every echelon of service. Homosexual military personnel *who come out to, make a pass at, or indiscriminately sleep with their fellow servicemen* (millions of discreet homosexuals have served and been honorably discharged throughout this country's history) are not allowed to stay in the service . . . period. This long standing policy can be overturned only by an act of Congress, a Supreme Court ruling, or a decision by the President through the Secretary of Defense . . . and Dick Cheney would be in very hot water if he tried to make such a change.

3. Even if X *is* a homosexual, what difference does it make? Given the fact that he was in no position to make a policy change, what proof does Signorile provide that X wasn't working behind the scenes to get the policy changed? What did they expect X to do, barge into Bush's office and demand a policy change?

Signorile's story is bad enough, but *The Advocate* had to warp it further. You can just see the editors dancing around, unable to contain themselves during the meeting on how to feature this story. There are pile-it-on side bars about Defense Department "horror stories." They've even blamed X for the Ft. Irwin murder/suicide of an army sergeant and his soldier lover.

The writer boasts that he obtained X's telephone number and called him at midnight. *Midnight?* Why, to intimidate him or to try to catch him off guard in hopes he will drop some dirt? To add insult to injury, he gives X this dramatic bullshit about not wishing him malice but having to do his "job" for the benefit of the "community."

Signorile attempts to give credence to his abomination by quoting Rep. Barney Frank, who says that it's okay to out a person if he is "involved in an institution that has antigay policies." Does Frank mean that we should out all gay policemen, firemen and all civil servants in every major city in the U.S. and all gay employees of every major corporation known for antigay policies? To hell with the possibility that someone might be working within the system to foster changes. "Hypocrisy," he says, "is hard to wash away." Gushed like a true role model of morality and ethical conduct with spotlessly clean hands.

Everyone knows how poorly the armed services treat their gay and lesbian personnel, and most sane, thoughtful people believe that it's time for the military to accept homosexuals. This anti-homosexual mind-set has been in existence since before the Civil War, but attitudes

have already begun to change, thanks to the effects of education and reason. Perhaps it will change soon, prompting *The Advocate* editors to pin medals upon one another in celebration of their "victory." But the fact is that *The Advocate* and Signorile will have had nothing to do with the change. Talk about military witch hunts! They did a witch hunt of their own and tried to sacrifice an innocent man to further their own agendas. Undoubtedly, *The Advocate*'s sales will bring a smile to Niles Merton's lips and Signorile will probably end up on Donahue. But if they've engineered any change at all, it will probably be the creation of an atmosphere of fear and suspicion among the thousands of homosexual and bisexual men and women who help run our government. Will sexually selective people now look elsewhere for careers, paving the way for the REAL homophobes to get ALL the power positions?

This is *literary terrorism*, pure and simple. To brand one of the DOD's high level officials as homosexual, without any more substantiation than hearsay and gossip, is junior high school journalism. To design a cover caption which implies that such official is responsible for 2,000 "ruined lives" and some suicides, is heinous overkill and constitutes grounds for a full scale boycott against *The Advocate* and all its advertisers.

Will the glory of notoriety and a photo in *Time* go to Signorile's head?. Will his destiny go the way of the defunct magazine he created, or will he be hired by *The Advocate*, perhaps replacing one of their not-so-left-wing editors or writers (if one exists)? Maybe they'll let him cover the next "Sissy Awards" or portray a *sieg heil*-ing gay Republican on the cover of the next attack on moderates and conservatives. Maybe they'll let him interview some famous, outrageous fag hag or write an advice column for lesbians.

As I write this, I have no idea how others will react. Articles are being written and presses are being geared up; the silence is eerie. All I know is that I wouldn't want to be in Signorile's shoes right now, nor would I want to be working for *The Advocate*.

[EXOCET is a retired U.S. Navy Captain who now lives in Newport Beach, California.]

CR MEDIA WATCH

From *Time* Magazine, July 1, 1991: "Congressional Democrats are seething over Norman Schwarzkopf's condemnation of Washington "fairies" who exaggerated the dangers of war. Many legislators contend that during a Riyadh briefing last autumn, the general emphasized the strength of the Iraqi army and predicted as many as 20,000 U.S. casualties. 'This guy contributed in no small degree to the Democratic opposition to the war,' complains a Senate staffer."

From *Obscure Publications and Video* Magazine Issue #11: "Lucifer Taylor [23] and John Dewey Allee [40] . . . publish *Brimstone: A Journal of the Ancient Brotherhood of Satan*. Lucifer Taylor . . . says, 'I was different. I didn't fit . . . into a mold, and I was a sensitive person . . . I met [John Dewey Allee] at Girth and Mirth, a social club where admirers of big men meet big men. That's my fetish.'"

According to just about every daily in the country, John Sununu had just given a luncheon speech to the Association of Former Senate Aids in Washington, when he called upon Harry Rosenfield, 79, a liberal lawyer who once worked for Harry Truman. As Mr. Rosenfield rose to speak, he stumbled and fell backward out of his chair. Righting himself, he began to ask Sununu barbed questions from a written list that touched on such subjects as his travel arrangements and Dan Quayle's qualifications for the presidency. *The Washington Post* reported: "In the condescending tone familiar to all those who have felt his wrath, Sununu snapped, 'Well, if Quayle does ever ascend to the presidency, you can be sure he won't fall out of his chair.'" His remark was greeted with hisses and boos and the reaction has been one of mass outrage. *[CR Comments: If Sununu ever becomes frail and ends up in a wheel chair, we sincerely hope that someone remembers to kick it over and declare, "That's for Harry Rosenfield."]*

From the *New York Post*, June 6, 1991: "CHURCH GAGS GAY EX-PRIEST—A former Jesuit priest kicked out of the clergy for defying the Vatican was barred from speaking last night at a Catholic church in Manhattan. John McNeill, 65, a leading gay-rights activist, was to speak on self-esteem at St. Francis Xavier Church on West 16th Street. That church was the site of special Masses for gays and lesbians until the New York Archdiocese put an end to them four years ago. Parishioners charged that McNeill's invitation was withdrawn because of pressure from the archdiocese, but an archdiocese spokesman denied that. Jesuit Provincial Rev. Joseph Parkes, who supervises the city's Jesuit churches, called McNeill to tell him he could not speak. 'I asked him about pressure from the archdiocese, but he said he was taking personal responsibility for the order,' McNeill told the Post. John Cardinal O'Connor was upset about a series of meetings an informal group of gays and lesbians has been holding at the church, parishioners told the Post. McNeill was expelled from the Jesuit order after he defied a direct order from the Vatican to keep silent on the issue of gays and lesbians. 'I definitely take a position that gay love is morally good, and even holy, and that the church ought to approve it,' McNeill told the Post. 'The cardinal doesn't want to provide a podium for that message.' McNeill's book, *Taking a Chance on God*, has become a rallying call to many gay and lesbian Catholics." *[CR Comments: Had they allowed McNeill to speak, there would have been no story; only those lucky enough to hear this dynamic man would have been involved. But they didn't, and suddenly McNeill makes the front AND second page. The archdiocese fat cats are just no match for wily McNeill, who makes fools of them again and again.]*

DADDY VIDEO VOLUME II : DADDY FOR DESSERT!

Any preconceptions you might have about this video should be purged from your mind. But then again, it really doesn't matter, because it will blow your mind anyway. It is, quite simply, the most entertaining homoerotic video we've ever seen. It's at once sizzling, raw, bizarre, hilarious, raunchy and tender.

"Generals and Majors" is the story of a senior army officer who returns home from overseas. Greeting him is his white-haired partner, who proceeds to debrief and feed him, then throw him into the bath tub for a little fun. These exceptionally well-built seniors are not only hung like horses, but ruggedly good-looking, too. The older partner is lithe and smooth, while the officer is burly and hairy. For a good 40 minutes, they turn each other every way but inside-out, and when the moaning stops, there's jissom everywhere. Welcome home, officer!

"Daddy for Dessert" stars our very own ZIPPER and PAPA BEAR, who give the performances of their lives. The story opens on a nude sun bather (ZIPPER) who is reading a copy of CR on a terrace overlooking a verdant redwood forest north of San Francisco. Coming across a photo of PAPA BEAR, the man closes his eyes and invokes PAPA BEAR in the flesh.

The story consists of three rowdy, ball-busting reveries. The first segment is like a World Federation Wrestling bout as these two brawny bears go at each other on the terrace. The second fantasy takes place in a spa, where they perform their own version of an X-rated "Blue Lagoon." These guys almost drown while diving with a vengeance for bounty. Part three features the most creative sketch we've ever seen in an adult video and leaves one rattled by a great mix of outlandish, sultry and hilarious footage. Both The Friar and I were in agony laughing our guts out one minute and licking our lips the next. No way will we divulge what happens when ZIPPER decides to give PAPA BEAR a very unusual massage. A hint: study the title of the video.

Each man comes up with some great impromptu lines, and some of ZIPPER's facial expressions border on comic genius. You don't want to miss one word, one nuance. This work is an absolute masterpiece of originality. The players' attitudes, the ambiance—all of it combines to mesmerize.

"Dad's Ornery Slave" is a story about an older master and his young slave, who decides to be difficult. We don't know too much about S & M, but this segment seems pretty authentic. As a matter of fact, it gets a little rough with all the abusive language, face-slapping, hot wax-dripping, tit-pinching and ass-whipping. It might not be for everyone, but it was surely interesting to us.

There are leather accoutrements, chains and dildos everywhere; the high camera angle and the unusual bedroom decor lend to an atmosphere of menace. But most of all, the master is one nasty fucker who sort of grows on you. God knows he's having the time of his life, because his hands shake from pure lust and delight as he maneuvers his suddenly cooperative slave. We thought at first it was performance jitters, but the master's rock hard cock told us otherwise.

"The Plumber" stars life partners ZIPPER and NIPPER (another CR model), who, I'm told, surprised the hell out of each other with their acting skills. The story is about a plumber (NIPPER) who arrives to unclog ZIPPER's garbage disposal and finds to his embarrassment that his pants have ripped. While the 70-year-old NIPPER sits and delightfully fidgets, ZIPPER goes into another room to repair his trousers and returns to find the plumber playing with himself. With that, the fuck is on and no holds are outlawed.

As in the footage with PAPA BEAR, ZIPPER delights us with his wacky expressions. Only a cobra can flick its tongue faster. But NIPPER can act, too, and the result is another uniquely smoldering and satisfying segment. The climaxes are wonderfully spontaneous, indicating quite vividly that these two men really love each other. It's as if they had forgotten that the videographer was there. Certainly it's an experience you won't want to miss.

In summary, this is one killer of a video and worth every penny of the price. It's got 'em lean and mean, down and dirty and big and sticky, in two of the wildest hours you'll ever experience.

[Video facts . . . Produced and Directed by P.R. Simon. Starring ZIPPER, PAPA BEAR, NIPPER, MARC MANN, JIMMY GRAY, TONY MICHAELS AND LEX LUGAR. Running Time: 2 hours. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Price VHS or Beta: $69.95 + $4 for first class postage and handling. California residents add sales tax of 8-1/4%, or $5.77. Price for overseas: $80.00, which includes air mail postage. PAL format: $90.00. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. International money orders must be drawn on U.S. banks. You must state that you are of legal age. Send check or money order to: P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS, 14421 SHERMAN WAY, SUITE 86, VAN NUYS, CA 91405. For more information, call (818) 762-6111.]

PROFILES OF COVER MODELS

FRONT COVER: **LONE WOLF** is a 39-year-old, 6'-3", 250# nationwide trucker who seeks older, masculine men and other truckers for friendship and more. If you're mature, masculine and serious, make sure you send a photo and your telephone number. See LONE WOLF sizzle in the upcoming special ZONES Issue.

J.J. II is semi-retired from the travel industry and lives in San Francisco. He's quiet, yet outgoing . . . and all man. He enjoys the company of mature, hairy men. J.J. will likewise heat up our special issue.

CHELSEA WILLIAMS, also from San Francisco, is one of the finest homoerotic photographers in the business and is consistently supportive of CR.

DRAGON is 67, 5'-5", 135# and lives alone in Northern California. American born of Chinese parents, he's gentle yet strong . . . quiet yet seductive. He seeks friendship/ penpals/lover, 50-70.

JAMES is 37 and lives in North Carolina. A free thinker, he's spiritually oriented and seeks friendships and more from readers on the East Coast. Age, race are no factors. As you can see, JAMES loves dogs.

SAMSON

Japan's celebrated magazine is now available to the rest of the world. Excellent photography and artwork for connoisseurs of big and older men. In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $14. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer of money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

NEW PRINTS BY **WALT HENRY**

"Southern Gentleman"
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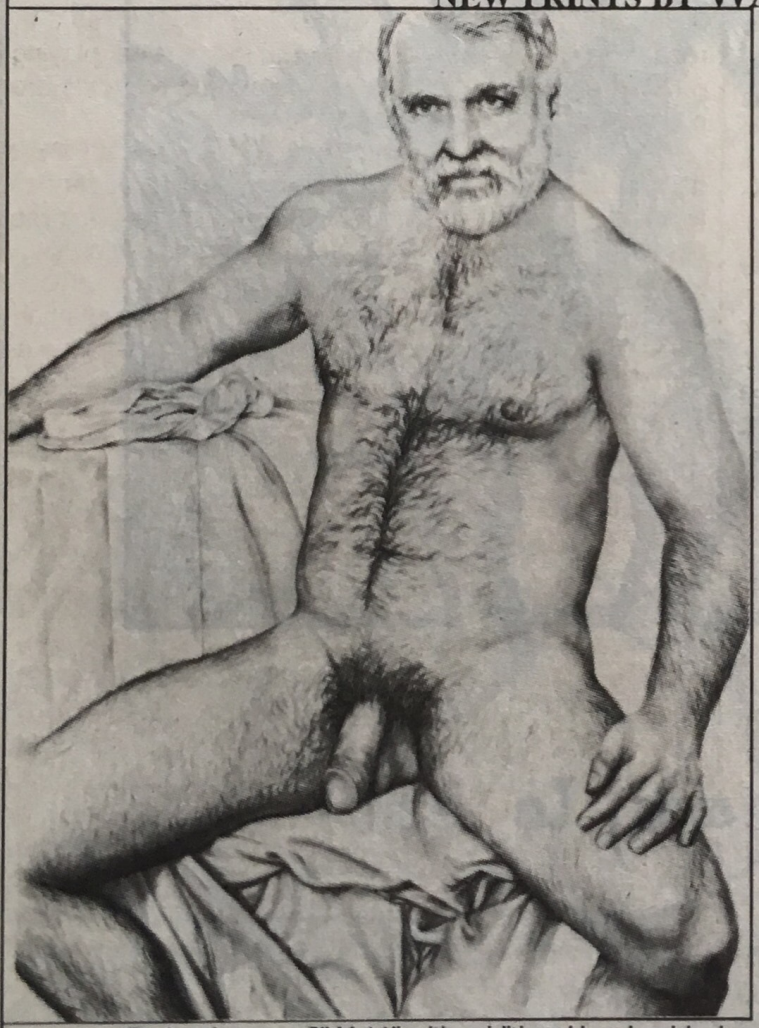

"Second Look"
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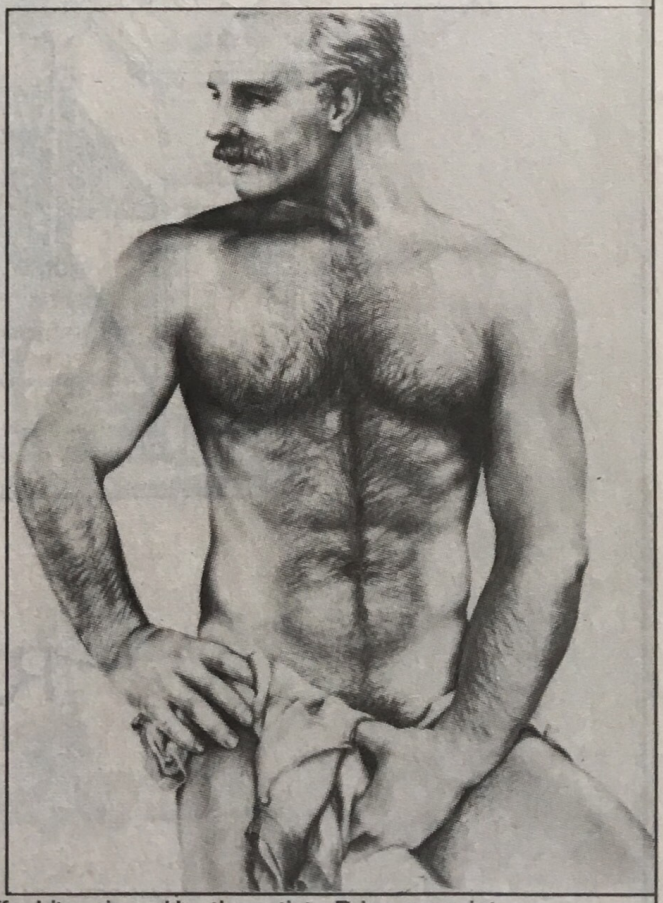
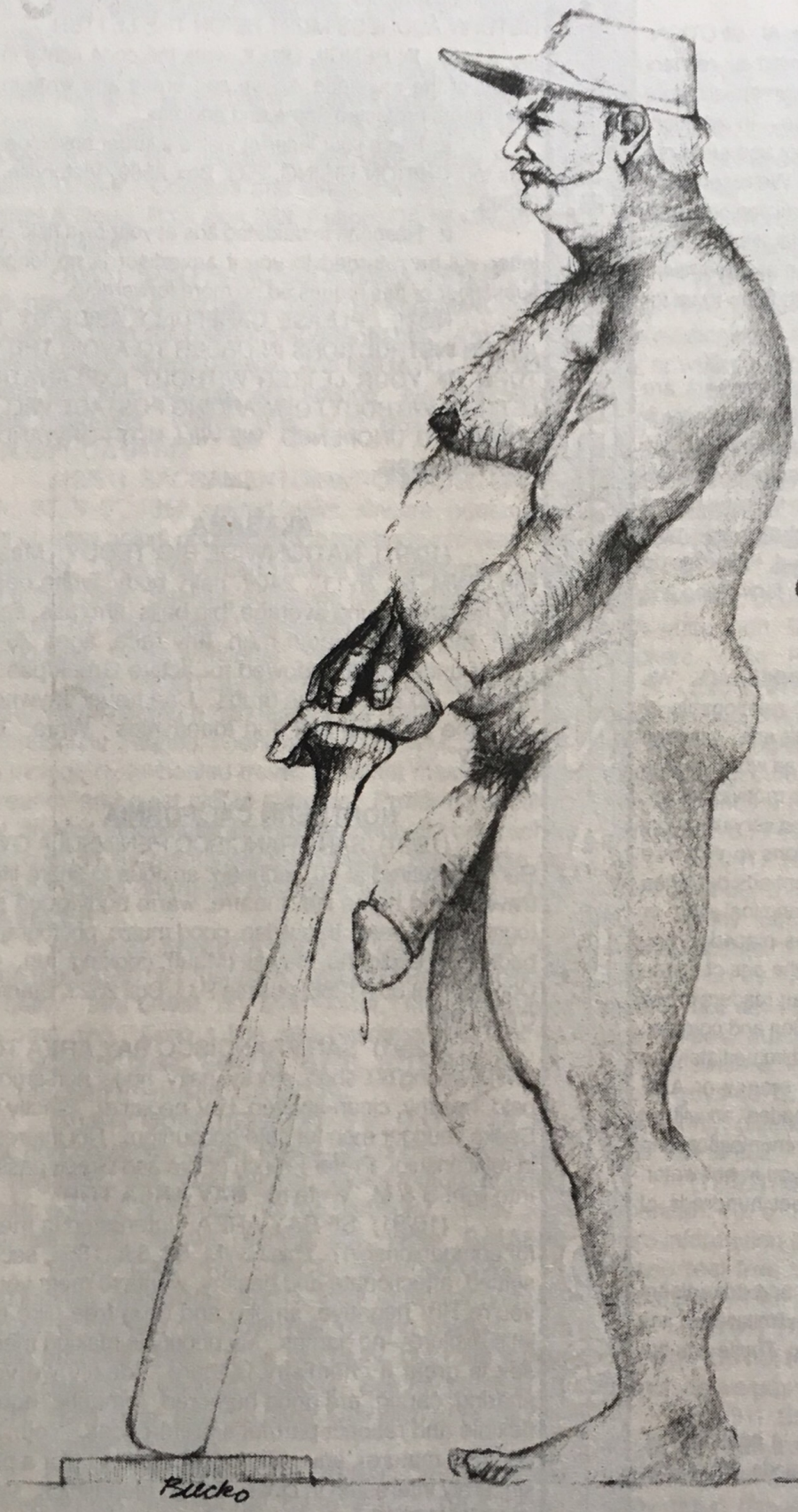


Both prints are 8" X 11" with additional border, black on off-white, signed by the artist. Price per print: $25 plus $3 postage (buy both and the postage is on us). Write for free brochure. Make checks or money orders payable to: MANMADE, P.O. BOX 728, DEPT. C, JENISON, MI 49429

THE ARTWORK OF BUCKO

Ready to eat!

BUCKO is a stocky, hefty, 60-year-old American/Asian who lives on the Eastern Seaboard with a buddy. He's an avid sports enthusiast and great writer, too.



Mighty Casey at bat.

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL USE OF THE PERSONAL AD SECTION: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature are not allowed in the personal ad section. In addition, readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising, forwarding and subscription privileges to any person found distributing commercial fliers or brochures to our personal advertisers. We urge all advertisers who have received such materials to forward them to us for further action.

2. ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. Failure to do so aids in tarnishing CR's reputation. Consequently, we will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders. If your responder has sent you photos, you must reply or at least return the photos if requested. Failure to do so will result in your being denied advertising, forwarding and subscription privileges.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from the use of our personals ads. Although we monitor all ads and refuse to publish any ad which implies fraud or peril, we cannot know the ulterior motives of our advertisers. Therefore, please be warned that very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in gay magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We therefore urge our readers to use this personal ad section with the utmost caution and common sense. Be skeptical during initial contact and immediately cut off communication at the first mention of money or ANY commercial offer. Discreetly answering a "loaded" ad will not get you in trouble; it's the subsequent communication and your falling for their bull shit which will get you in hot water. Use the CR ads wisely and you can meet hundreds of wonderful people.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 21 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors. These ads are intended for adults only.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside an envelope that cannot be read through. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER.

b. IN PENCIL ONLY, write the code lightly in the center of the envelope, so we can erase and write-in the advertisers protected name and address.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

d. Respond to outdated ads at your own risk. Your letter will be returned to you if advertiser is no longer a subscriber or has requested no more forwarding.

NOTE: PLEASE CAREFULLY ABIDE BY THE ABOVE INSTRUCTIONS IN ORDER TO AVOID THE RETURN OF YOUR LETTER WITHOUT EXPLANATION. LETTERS WITHOUT FORWARDING POSTAGE WILL BE SHREDDED, UNOPENED. WE WILL NOT FORWARD AT OUR EXPENSE.

PERSONALS

ALABAMA

(10/91) NATIONWIDE BIG TEDDY: Masculine GWM, 61, 5'-11", 240#, hairy body, white beard, HIV negative, hung average, big balls, firm ass, seeks lean, tall, horny, butch men, any race, ages 25-45. Prefer uncut, well-endowed for active Greek/passive French. No alcohol, no drugs. Can travel anywhere, any time for good sex and friendships. Write: **BIG TEDDY**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(12/91) SAN FRANCISCO PENINSULA GWM: Recently retired at 60, redhead, anxious to share life of travel, good home life, theatre, warm body/good sex, togetherness, etc. Into video, good music, photography, back-road exploring, Hawaii (Maui), cooking, fun. Call Don at (415) 851-1266, or write P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309.

(12/91) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA TOP: GWM, young 60, short, stocky, hairy, hung, non-smoker, bald, healthy, clean-shaven, HIV-negative. Strictly top. Seeks younger men for safe encounters. Not interested in relationship. Prefer French active and Greek passive. Into light S & M. Write to: **BAY AREA TOP**

(10/91) SF BAY AREA: Interested in friends for companionship? This GWM, 68, 6 ft, 185#, secure, settled, affectionate and healthy, wants to meet you. If you're HIV negative, smoke and drug free (like me), let's explore—no games. My priority is making friends; sex is great if chemistry is there. Ideally we value sharing, caring, are good humored, romantic, honest, flexible and respect partner's preferences. You: Any age (but mature), any race (uncut men of color a plus); sincerely interested in close, lasting friendships. Write: **CHOCAHOLIC**

(10/91) LOOKING FOR BLACK MALE: from any part of the country to share and enjoy a beautiful retreat on seashore and lots of other special interests.

Monterey Bay Area, California. I am GWM, 52, 6 ft., 175#. Let's start a dialog. Write: WR, P.O. Box 1391, Seaside, CA 93955.

(12/91) SANTA ROSA: Passive GWM, 52, 5'-11", cut, HIV negative, seeks horny, active French to love all of my 325#. We are nudists. My partner of 25 years is 53, 6 ft, 145#, 8" cut, HIV negative. We seek active French, passive Greek. Couples and singles welcome. Write: George & Doug, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439, or call (707) 578-4366.

(10/91) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 43, 5'-9", 165#, black hair, brown eyes, beard, hairy, HIV negative, looking for mature men for relationship/friendship. Am French active/passive, Greek passive, and like to rim. Am affectionate and love cuddling and kissing. No age, size or ethnic hang-ups. Write: B.B., P.O. Box 424065, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(12/91) SACRAMENTO/NATIONWIDE: Chinese male, 67, 5'-5", 135#, retired, quiet, sincere, nonsmoker/alcohol, easy going, not talkative, homebody into video and gardening. Likes French and Greek sex, kissing/cuddling and tit/ball play. Seeking someone for friendship/penpal/lover, 50-70, affectionate, sense of humor, and big beefy for cuddling. Photo with letter. Write: **C.H.**

(12/91) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Grey haired, stocky, Harley-riding (I can teach you) DADDY sought by trim/muscular, rugged, financially secure WM, 38. Activities include two-wheeled travel, gourmet meals, outdoor recreation and quiet nights at home. Prefer nonsmoker, light drinker, financially secure, emotionally unattached man, over 55, for permanent relationship. Send photo and self-addressed, stamped envelope with reply to: **THE TRAVELER**

(NS2/92) SAN FRANCISCO: Looking for a masculine top (50-80) for friendship and fun. Prefer stocky or big belly. I am GWM, 30, 5'-8", 140#. Mature couples welcome, too. Drop a line and describe your wishes. Photo would be great. Send to: S.F.B., 2215-R Market St., Apt. 146, San Francisco, CA 94114.

(10/91) CURMUDGEON: Fat, D.O.M., 69, Bay Area, nonconformist, pagan, liberal, ailurophile, nonsmoker, HIV negative, oral, short pecker, seeks mature buddies, literate, solvent, generous, not too particular. Enjoy good food, talk, music, shows, reading, sex. Write: **GIRAFFE**

(4/92) SAN FRANCISCO: Bearded GWM, 49, good looking, masculine, stocky, work-muscular body, 5'-8", 168#, 6" cut, one nut, brown hair (greying, balding). I am honest and like same. Most sex okay, but I am mainly French passive. Like long sessions. See my photo in 10/90 CR. Bald, bear, beard a plus. Call Rich at (415) 771-6018, Monday-Thursday.

(10/91) SACRAMENTO OR SAN DIEGO: Active, semiretired top professional, 59, 6'-4 1/2", 195#, blond, blue, attractive, seeks younger counterpart professional or graduate student for safe friendship/relationship, occasional travel. No smoke/drugs; social drinking OK. If you're a nice, responsible person interested in the same, please write and send photo. Write: **VIKING STAR**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/92) SO CAL/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi WM, grey hair, 56, 5'-11", 235#, to meet with others. Cock: 8" X 6-1/2" around, loves to be sucked. Tits love to be sucked. Enjoy my hot ass being massaged, hand up it, soft toys in it, but no pain. Enjoy hand body massage. I'm sensuous, very clean, laid back, horny, educated, like videos, uninhibited, long lasting. Write: **MACK**

(12/91) SAN BERNARDINO, REDLANDS, YUCAIPA: Secure GWM, 51, stocky, clean. Looking for love relationship. No drugs. Call (714) 790-2560 after 2:00 pm, or write: C.D.E., P.O. Box 1163, Yucaipa, CA 92399.

(4/92) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: 80% top, 59, 6', 210#, brown/blue, moustache, wants mature men, 40+, grey or bald. Safe HIV negative, please. Hairy, short, red headed all pluses. Must live nearby. Write: D.E., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. Photo/phone appreciated.

(12/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: CR model, GBM, 35, 5'-7", 160#, affectionate, well-equipped, intelligent, healthy, photojournalist, seeks friendships and more with white men, 50+, stocky/heavy, clean-shaven, nonsmokers. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 903, Duarte, CA 91010.

(NS12/91) BOY/SON WANTED: Sincere, gentle, good-looking GWM, 41 (but look younger), 5'-7", 140#, smoker, HIV negative, into Pink Floyd, kissing and sucking, seeks young, cute, boyish, slim son/little brother. Little or no experience a plus. Send letter/photo to RJS, 19528 Ventura Blvd., #402, Tarzana, CA 91356.

(10/91) NATIVE CALIFORNIAN: Very versatile GWM, just 50, 5'-8", 155#, hairy body, uncut + thick well hung. Enjoy "basic" varieties of sex. Have very strong sexual appetite. Prefer guys who are trim and masculine and very horny. Am not into anything kinky, raunchy or painful, but am very much into "aromas." Relationship possibilities, but friends first. Am well liked and most honest, sincere, loving, and very giving. You be same. Prefer guys 40-70. Only nude photos get mine. Serious replies only, please. Write: P.R., P.O. Box 1982, Joshua Tree, CA 92252.

(12/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Bi African-American, 46, 5'-10", 190#. This is a "no hype" ad. For more information and a further exploration of possibilities, please feel free to write me. Discretion required and guaranteed. Pen pals welcome. Write: **PASSION**

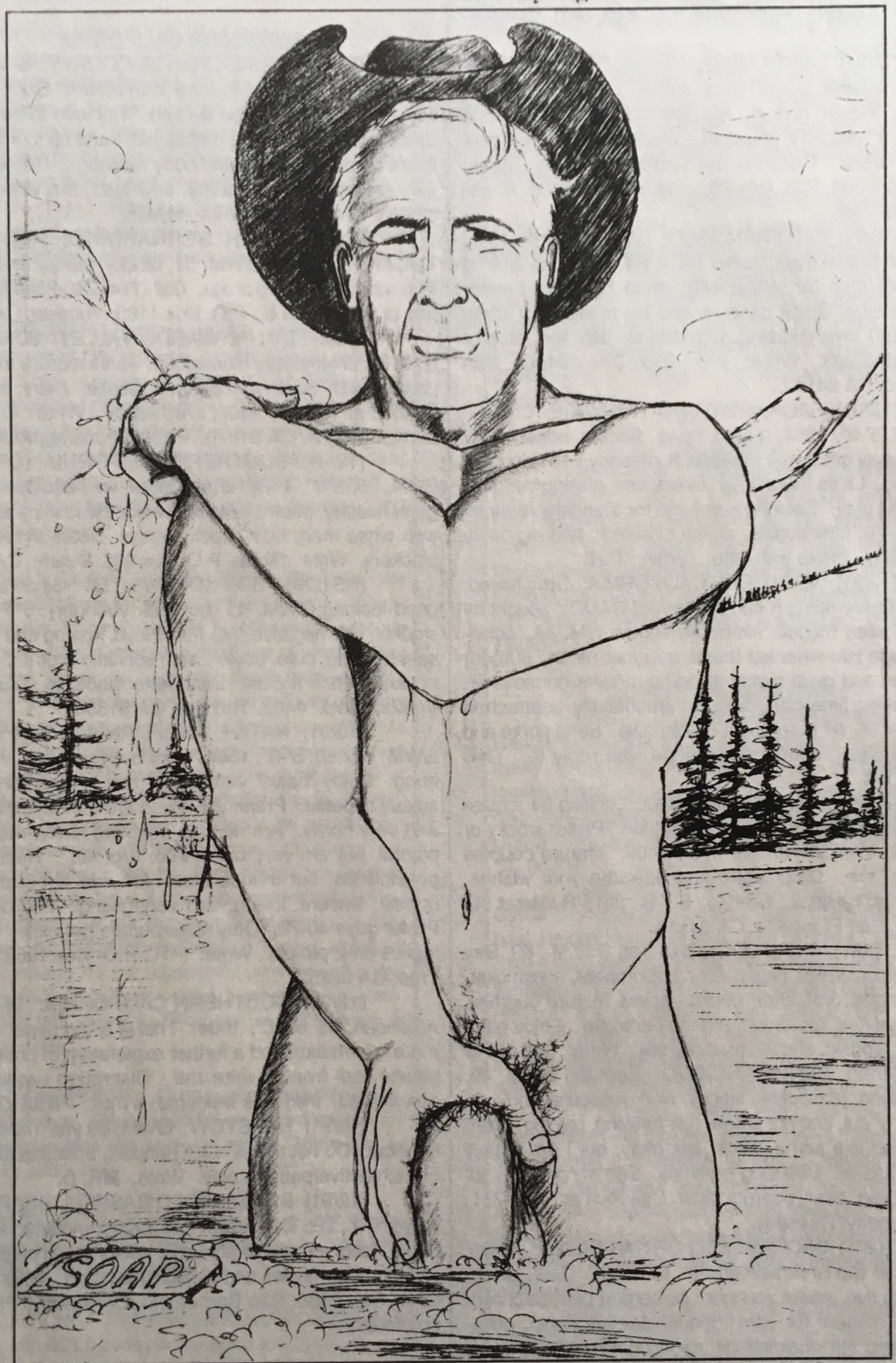
(10/91) BARSTOW: GWM, 69 yrs, 142#, nudist, 6" uncut. Do not travel. Like penpals, affectionate pelple. French active/passive only. Write: **MR. D.**

(12/91) BIG BEARDED BASHFUL BEAR: GXM, 40 yo, 6 ft., 225 lbs., brown hair, beard, moustache, seeks fellow bears for mutual affection, stroking and bear hugs. I enjoy music, movies and sensual massage. Write: Buddy Bear, Box 9536, San Bernardino, CA 92427. Photo appreciated.

(continued on page 42)

A
B
E

Saturday Night Before The Ho-Down



Previously living among the rugged men of Montana, ABE now resides in Washington, DC. Abe is 5'-5", husky, muscular and masculine, and will soon liven up our pages as a model, too.

THE BANKER . . . photo by THE TRAVELER

THE BANKER lives in San Francisco, where he has to beat the younger guys (twenties and thirties) away with a stick. But he loves it because that's his cup of tea.

(12/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Are you honest, 48-75, cut, mature? If so, you are what I seek. My 16-year monogamous relationship is almost over and I'm free to love again. I'm Asian, 50, 5'-6", 135#, very secure professional, witty, caring, and highly creative. Into gardening, computers, travel, metaphysics, baseball, togetherness. My fantasies include: SYRINX, THE FRIAR, EX-LOGGER, HUGH, SONNY, MACK, KORV and HANDIMAN. If this strikes a responsive chord, follow your heart. Take me as I am and I'll take you just the way your are. I'll answer all. Let's build friendship first and see what happens. Write: **JOURNEY AT SEA**

(12/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/HIGH DESERT: WM, 55, 6'-1", 235#, rugged, masculine, moustache, single, nonsmoker, nudist. Seeks younger than myself, any race, well-proportioned body, stable. Fair blonds a plus. No drug users or heavy drinkers. Call (619) 868-2145, or write: **BAREKAT**

(2/92) SAN DIEGO: 60s, 6'-0", 175#, blue eyes, blond hair (what there is), self-employed. HIV negative, affectionate, cuddler, hate to sleep alone. Seek dark, very hairy (not mandatory), loving, caring man to share life on a monagamous basis. Media refers to me as Father Theresa for my commitment to my work. Write: R.B., P.O. Box 2323, San Diego, CA 92112, or call (619) 931-7688.

(10/91) NATIVE NORTHERN ITALIAN: 75, healthy, slender, nicely endowed, nonsmoker, bilingual, independent. Seeks big heavy man for monogamous relationship. Prefer men from San Diego area, over 40, healthy and reliable. Call until 10pm: (619) 291-8966

(2/92) PASADENA: Quicklie expert B.J. needed by horny, tall, trim, healthy SWM, age 48 with great dick. Pasadena area. Write: **MR. BLUE**

CONNECTICUT

(10/91) CONNECTICUT/NYC: TWO MATURE 50 & 70: masculine GWM, healthy, clean, versatile, love to hug, receive and give. Into music, theatre, art, humor, safe sex. Seeking hung top, hairy a plus, no age or ethnic hangup. Your photo/phone get ours. Write frankly: J.L., Box 25, Georgetown, CT 06829.

(8/92) NEW ENGLAND/NEW YORK: GWM, 50, 6 ft., 225#, wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. Me: French active, love water sports, scat and other good sex! For a good time, write: **WET**

FLORIDA

(2/92) SOUTH FLORIDA/OHIO: Retired GWM, 66, 6'-1", 205#, hairy, muscular, healthy, seeks similar retiree to live south Florida winters, northern Ohio summers. Boating, beach, sports, music, travel, love. Seek monogamous potential relationship. Call Tom Dolson, (216) 929-7225, or write at: P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223.

(12/91) TAMPA TRIM SANTA: 52, 6' 2", 190#, brown balding, white beard, blue eyes, 6" cut but stretching, French active/passive, wants GWM, 55 up, uncut, any size, for friendship or forever. Photo and phone to: D.G. Starkey, 6914 N. 20th St., Tampa, FL 33610.

GEORGIA

(8/92) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 61, 5'-6 1/2", 235#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(10/91) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-9", 175#, retired, honest and loving, with old fashioned values. French active/passive. Varied interests include travel, animals, home. Seeks permanent relationship with like-minded, mature man, 50-70, who is able to relocate and not into mind games. Share my home and life. Photo, please. All replies answered. Write: **JIM II**

(NS10/91) ORIENTAL BOY: 35, 5'-8", 140#, well-built, hairless and smooth body. Desire to meet masculine older men with moustaches, short hair or bald, clean and healthy. Photo appreciated. Write: J.T., 1334 Brookhaven Circle, Atlanta, GA 30319.

INDIANA

(10/91) LOOKING FOR LOVE: GWM, 75, 5'-7", 165#, seeking lifemate built on love, affection, honesty, respect and compatibility more than sex. Respond with picture and let's have a happy life together in Northern Indiana. Must be able to relocate. Write to: Leo, 1152 E. Bowman, South Bend, IN 46613.

KENTUCKY

(12/91) BLIND MAN SEEKS PEN PALS: White male, age 59, with full head of dark brown hair, seeking pen pals by mail or cassette tape. Although blind, I have a reader for my written mail. Write: Hugh Hampton, Rt. 61, Box 90, Turkey Creek, KY 41570.

MARYLAND

(NS10/91) OLDER THE BULK THE STIFFER THE HORN: GWM, 26-years-old, 5'-11", 200#, redhead, 6-1/4 X 5-1/2 of uncut meat, stocky build. Looking for the man of my dreams. Could you be the one? Are you 50+ with big, uncut meat, graying hair (or not)? Are you a top man who likes to cuddle, love, kiss and do anything with the right guy? Are you relationship-minded, not married, independent and emotionally secure? Please write Young Bulk, P.O. Box 755, North Beach, MD 20714 with photo/letter. Will answer all. Handicaps welcome.

MASSACHUSETTS

(2/92) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 42, 5'-11", 175#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(NS10/91) RENAISSANCE BOTTOM: GWM, tall, trim, healthy, 40s, honestly good looking, independent, settled, masculine. This gentle, giving man with varied interests is seeking a tall, stable, masculine, top man over 55 with an in-charge, caring, protective attitude. Old fashion values and personal integrity more important than looks or race. Sense of humor a must. No drugs or gay bars. Serious calls only. Fred, (617) 524-1834.

MICHIGAN

(12/91) PONTIAC, MICHIGAN HUNKY STUD: Virile, Bi/W/M, tall, educated, sensual, sincere. Area similar young, white, hung, top stud. Massage, photography, pornography. Prefer masculine, trim, no drugs/smoke. Send description and nude photos to: Ken, Box 430624, Pontiac, MI 48343.

MISSISSIPPI

(10/91) RETIRED MINISTER NEAR NEW ORLEANS: Early 60s, crewcutted, average height, weight, not bad looking, seeks handsome, older, overweight bottom to kiss all over, etc. Uncut, like me, a plus. Relationship desired. Write: **TOPPER**

(10/91) FOR RENT BY MONTH: Large bedroom, private entrance, 1-1/4 block from beach in quaint historic town. One hour from Mardi Gras and New Orleans. Reasonably priced. Relationship with landlord possible but not required. Subscribers only. Horner, P.O. Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(12/91) THE OLDER, THE WISER: GWM, 28, 170#, uncut hung, seeks men, 40+ for hot fun. Super hairy, burly, bellied, uncut pops the best. Photos, etc. welcome to DND, Box 423, Salem, NH 03079.

NEW JERSEY

(10/92) MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: Affectionate, Bi WM, 63, 5'-11", 165#, athletic, dignified, balding, caring, intelligent, loyal. Many interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, intellectual, sexual. HIV negative, Greek P. Seek good friend turned on by controlling mental and physical erotic responses. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(10/91) VINELAND AREA/NATIONWIDE: Stocky, hairy, cut, 45-year-old, masculine. Seeks honest, mature, discreet, masculine men over 35 for fun and friendship. Uncuts a plus. Loves gentleness and safe sex. Visitors traveling to the seashore or Atlantic City are welcome. Write: **HOLLYTREE**

(10/91) CENTRAL NEW JERSEY: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 240#, balding/gray, blue/glasses, clean-shaven, hairy body, educated, veteran, nonsmoker, clean, gentle, affectionate. Like NYC, classical music, ballet, opera, history, genealogy, quite times. Write: Tom Schultz, 212 Baldwin St. #5-B, New Brunswick, NJ 08901, or call (908) 828-5649.

NEW MEXICO

(4/92) STILL LONELY IN THE SOUTHWEST: Seek friends, phone or mail, male sex with 50+ men who are gentle, friendly and loving. I am 64, 5'-7", 135#. Phone gets instant reply. Write: **EL PAISANO**

(12/91) OLDER, HEAVY MEN FOR FUN: Me: 33, 6'-1", 195#, dark hair, beard, brown eyes, hairy, professional, educated, handsome, cut. You: 50+, heavy set, maculine, professional, straight-acting, discreet, loving, HIV negative, MACK type for fun and friendship. All answered. Richard, P.O. Box 3807, Las Cruces, NM 88003.

NEW YORK

(12/91) NY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 55+ Italian seeks hairy, macho guys, 40+, for friends, maybe more. Me: 5'-9", 165#, F/hair. Photo & phone please. Write: **ARIES**

(10/91) ROCHESTER, NY AREA: Nudists, GWM, 69 and mate 72. Are there other nudists in this area? Let's get together to socialize. Social drink. No smoking/drugs. Seeking adult nudists. Pen pals okay. Write: **LITTLE JON**

(2/92) NEW YORK: GWM, 5'-9", 150#, attractive, masculine, intelligent, healthy, seeking grey and hairy over 50 for hot times and more. Photo gets mine. Write: **WESTMAN**

(4/92) OVER 55? masculine white male, 41, tall, trim, hairy, hung, loyal, discreet, romantic, nonsmoker, seeks dignifired, unattached, non-promiscuous gent, 55-75, for passionate, very sexual one-to-one relationship. Into most safe scenes. Any area. Only detailed letters with photo answered. Write: **MANHATTAN JACK**

(10/91) NEW YORK CITY: I'm a 57-year-old, 6', 210# GWM who has been told he looks 49. The mirror doesn't tell me that every morning, and frankly I don't care too much one way or the other. I am what I am and I do the best I can with what I've got. What I've got is a warm and caring nature; a good sense of humor; a love for travel, photography, opera, fine food and wine; a good executive position; masculine appearance and mannerisms; traditional values, culture and maybe even a touch of class. I'm really a nice guy. What I'm missing is someone to share this with. I'm far from perfect and don't expect you to be either. I'd really like a friend of any age (but frankly younger is preferred) who just maybe can relate to all or some of this. Doesn't seem like a lot to ask. But I am tired of feeling sorry for myself; hence this ad. I hope you will reply. Everyone will get an answer . . . promise. Write: Rob, P.O. Box 191, New York, NY 10163.

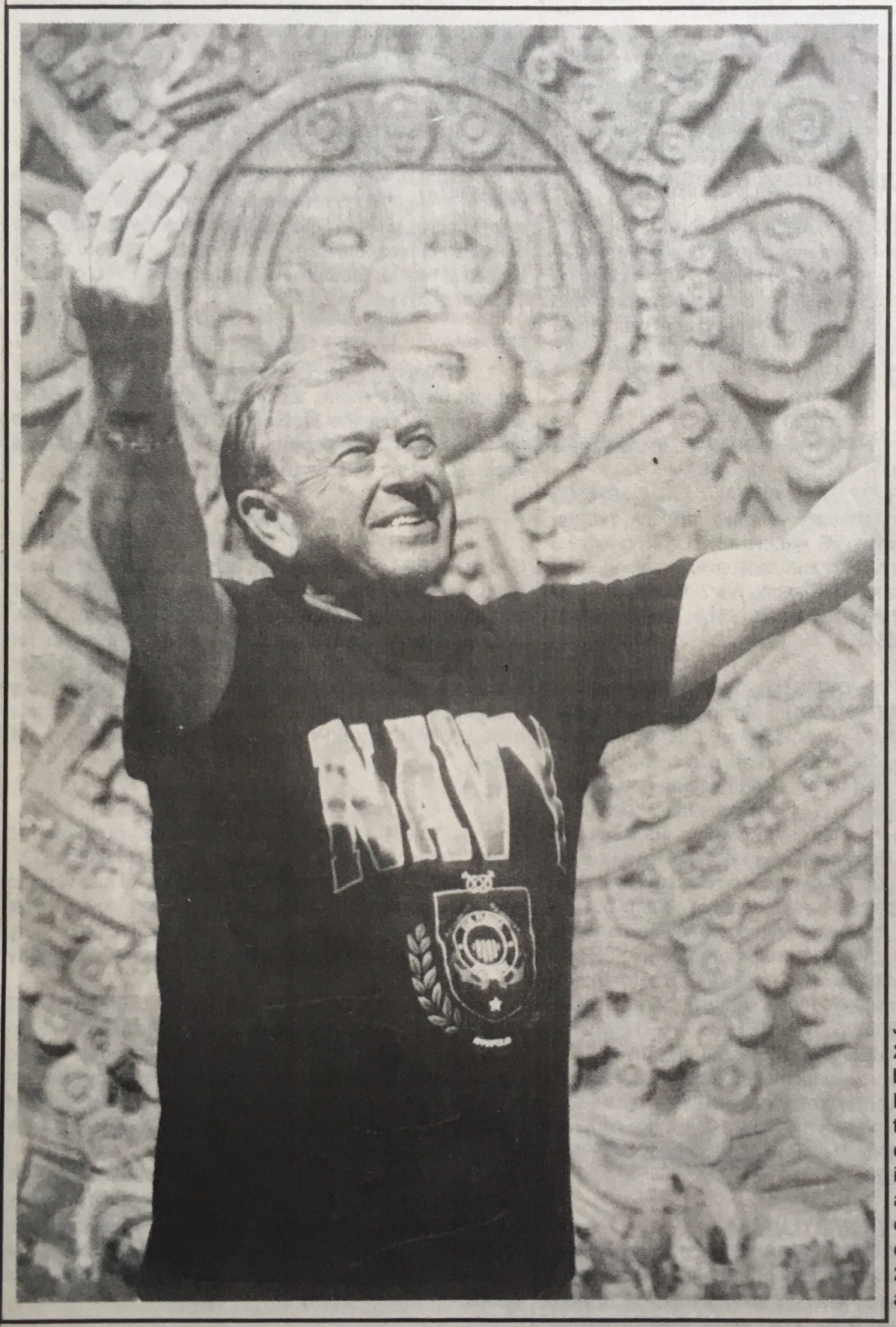
(10/91) HEAVY, OLDER DADDY: being sought by 44-year-old, 5'-10", 178#, salt & pepper hair and beard, nonsmoker/drugs/alcohol. Looking for well-endowed, professional, over 50, 250#+, cuddly bear. Write: R.L.F., Box 680, Bellport, NY 11713.

(continued on page 46)

SMILEY . . . photo by BILL K.

SMILEY has the distinction of being our only subscriber in Israel. He's been a subscriber for a long time and has furnished us some great nude photos featuring his ample manhood. But now he'd like to show his fans how he looks all dressed up. SMILEY loves masculine men over 70.

JARED . . . photo by REED SCOTT



JARED is 57, 6 feet, 200 pounds, with blue eyes and blond hair. An international corporate executive, he has visited 89 countries and has friends all over the world. He enjoys meeting men 21 to 40 years of age.

NORTH CAROLINA

(12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8", 200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704) 873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC 28677.

(10/91) NORTH CAROLINA: GWM, 44, 5'-7", 150#, brown hair, blue eyes, healthy, HIV negative, would like to meet GWM, 50-65, good condition, 5'-9" or under, no drugs, light to no social drinking and one who appreciates a lot of attention. I'll look forward to hearing from you. Photo if possible, but not necessary. Thank you. Bill Fuller, P.O. Box 12143, Raleigh, NC 27605.

OHIO

(See "SOUTH FLORIDA/OHIO" ad in the Florida section)

(10/91) ENJOY CAFÉ AU LAIT: GBM, 50, 5'-9", 195#, brown/brown, sexually versatile, no kink, professional. Travel midwestl U.S. extensively. Looking for nice guy(s) over 45 for intimacy and sensual lovemaking. Sincerity, stability desired. Grey/white hair? Bald? Chubby/chunky? All okay. Write: Strac, 8599 Towson Blvd., Miamisburg, OH 45342.

OREGON

(12/91) NATIONWIDE: Winning, tall, handsome, masculine, married, 52-year-old Rotary Club-type executive wasp yearns for 21-35, masculine, non-scene guy who has an attitude for dad types. Dad has salt and pepper moustache, greying at temples, muscular legs, good build, foreskin, low-hangers, interest in outdoor activities, impassioned kissing, deep oil massages, holding, nurturing, mentoring the right guy. Seeks shorter, in-shape swimmer, career-oriented, spiritual, well-educated, butch but not macho, outdoors-type, submissive guy who knows how to please Dad. Safe only. No anal, drugs, smoke. Race unimportant, but attitude is. Can travel. Photo and responsive letter gets mine. No sugar daddy hunters. **BUDDY**

(6/92) OREGON: TRAVELING THRU? WRITE AHEAD; GOOD TIMES ASSURED: 53, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, nonsmoker, stocky frame, hairy chested, clean-shaven, professional and clean, seeks sensual, virile man who prefers my type. Have indoor hot tub. Enclose photo to Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207 or call (503) 223-1679.

PENNSYLVANIA

(10/91) PENNSYLVANIA: GWM couple (44 & 59) wants to meet mature couples for friendship. Enjoy nudity, skinny-dipping in our private pool and hot tub, videos, good food and drink. Ches-Mont area. Write: **GREENWING**

TEXAS

(12/91) DALLAS/FT. WORTH AREA: GWM, degreed professional, successful, 60, 5'-6", 135#, masculine, attractive, healthy, romantic, great sense of humor. My only vice is cigarettes. Otherwise, I'm close to perfect. Just kidding. But not kidding about wanting a lifetime relationship with a similar but younger guy, 35-50, nearby. Write: **DALWORTH**

(8/92) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 45, stocky, nice looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up—no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

UTAH

(10/91) UTAH: Discreet WM, 43 years old, loner, not into the gay scene, looking for white males, 55+ or snobirds who visit the St. George, Utah area for fun and friendship. Also penpals of the same are welcome. Please write: R.W. Box 415, St. George, UT 84771.

VIRGINIA

(10/91) WORLD'S BIGGEST FAN OF MASCULINE, OLDER MEN! Grey hair, hairy chests, athletic, well-hung, top but versatile, 50+, smiling grey-blue eyes . . . all turn on this 31-year-old, highly intelligent GWM. I'm 6 feet, 170#, HIV-negative, balding but youthful. Passionate for sexy, older men and tennis. Both keep me in great shape with big legs, bubble buns, smooth chest. Looking for more meaning in life. Relocation possible. Your picture gets mine. Write: Tennis Pro, P.O. Box 10512, Arlington, VA 22210.

WASHINGTON

(10/91) NEED YOU: Looking for young man to share my life with. I'm 65, act like 39, good health, 5'-7", blond, 185#. I'm financially capable to travel and want to with you. Will share my home with someone to love. Prefer someone without alcohol or drug problem. I'm not a party pooper, just not looking for problems. Please write today to: **CARING**

(12/91) EX-LOGGER SEEKS LIFEMATE: CR model and cofounder, 60s, seeks active stud of 55 to 75, 5'-6" to 5'-10", slim (155-165 pounds). Prefer someone who loves the rural lifestyle and would like to share my chalet in a Washington forest near a waterfall. Will relocate and start a new lifestyle for the right guy. Write: Ex-Logger, 411 Elk Creek Road, Chehalis, WA 98532.

(10/91) WASHINGTON: GWM, 55, 6'-1", 180#, seeking lifemate, built on love, affection, honesty, caring, respect, sex and compatibility. Respond with picture and let's get to know each other for a happy life together. I can relocate. John Grusy, 407 Elk Creek Rd., Chehalis, WA 98532 - (206) 291-3837.

INTERNATIONAL

(12/91) VANCOUVER: Retired, 68, 6'-2", 185#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travel, bridge and opera. Write Hirondelle, #480, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, V6G 3B7, CANADA.

(10/91) FRANCE: Sexy Parisian, 48, 6'-4", athletic, well built, masculine, dark brown eyes, dominant but gentle, can host 50+, no beard, no moustache, white hair, passing by Paris. I can be master or friend, as you want. Photo, please to: **FRENCH TOP**

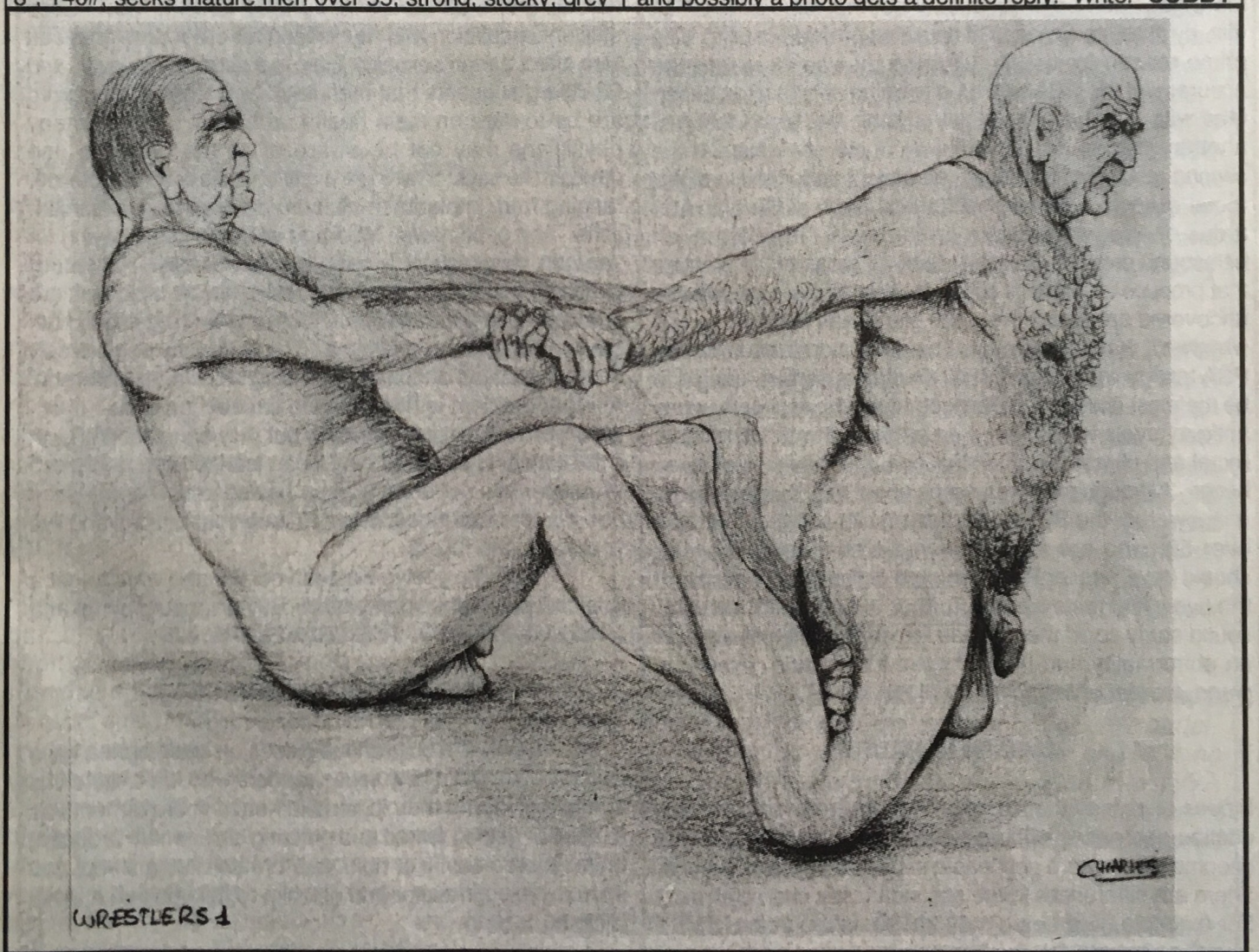
(10/91) ENGLISHMAN VISITING USA NOVEMBER: GWM, 62, 5'-10", 168#, healthy, grey hair, small beard, smooth body, uncut, very sensual, seeks contacts, possibly NY, FL, TX, CA with mature, masculine, preferably hairy guys for prolonged safe sessions. Great enthusiast French A/P. Photo appreciated. Phone helps. Also welcomes visitors to U.K. Write: **TOGETHERMAN**

(10/91) FRANCE: Young man, brown hair, 28, 5'-8", 140#, seeks mature men over 55, strong, stocky, grey or white hair, no beard, to correspond with me in first. I live in Paris. Write with photo, if possible, to: **JOLI JH**

LATE ARRIVALS

(10/91) L.A. TENDER LOVING CARE: 43-year-old, slender, self-supporting, young-looking son with 7-inch hardon wants to cuddle and care for a very big, chubby, older daddy. Long-term, monogamous. Your heart size more important than cock size. Write: **EAGLE SON**

(10/91) BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: Playful Cub wishes to meet a Papa Bear for serious hibernation. I am GWM, professional, 39, 5'-11", 215#, brown/brown, hairy but clean shaven and masculine. Would like to meet someone who is 50+, husky, hairy and grey. Am open to most sexual activities but enjoy a quiet night cuddling in front of a fire the most. Have varied interests which include good food, theater, bridge, and most especially sports--both participatory and as a fan. Would like to meet someone to share my den or yours for a lifetime. Your letter and possibly a photo gets a definite reply. Write: **CUBBY**



THE ARTWORK OF CHARLES OF FRANCE

CHARLES OF FRANCE is a 38-year-old Frenchman who loves to place his senior subjects in the unusual and erotic environments of S & M, bondage and nude wrestling.

PROSTATE CANCER

Prostate cancer, the second leading cause of cancer death in men, can be cured if it is discovered early. Unfortunately, there is no single test which can diagnose the tumor in its beginning stages. A recent report from researchers at the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, however, brings the encouraging news that doctors can combine three available tests in order to improve early detection of this disease. Their study was carried out on 1,653 healthy men, 50 years of age or older, with no prior evidence of prostate cancer. The volunteers first had a blood test for prostate-specific antigen (PSA), a protein that is made only by cells in the prostate. Blood levels of this substance are known to increase when cancer develops in the gland. But PSA levels can also rise when a patient has what is called *benign prostatic hypertrophy*. Consequently, there has been some dispute about the value of the PSA test, by itself, as a means of detecting prostate cancer. The prime reason for the St. Louis study was to assess the accuracy of the PSA test as a warning of prostate cancer. Men with a high level of PSA on their first blood test had another sample drawn within a couple of weeks. If the second result was also high, the patient underwent a digital rectal exam in order to check the surface of the gland for areas of abnormal texture or hardness. In addition, an ultrasound probe was used to look for areas of the prostate that produce an unusual echo. If either of these procedures uncovered an abnormality, the gland was biopsied to see whether it was cancerous. The study confirmed that the PSA test by itself, although by no means perfect, proved to be the most accurate of the three methods, especially when antigen levels were high. When this test was followed by rectal and ultrasound examinations, the results were even better. Although many questions about the PSA test still go unanswered, the St. Louis study results suggest that men over 50, who are most vulnerable to prostate cancer, should have regular PSA tests and digital examinations. If the two initial tests warrant further examination, an ultrasound study could then be used to confirm the presence of an abnormality and help pinpoint its location. (*New England Journal of Medicine*, April 25, 1991)

MALE MENOPAUSE

It *does* exist, say the experts. A man's testosterone production decreases with age, bringing about changes that become much more noticeable in middle age and beyond. There are differences in the secondary sex characteristics. For example, "the beard may not be as tough and thick," says Dr. Kenneth Goldberg, a board-certified urologist and founder and director of The Male Health Center in Dallas. Some men take these physical changes in stride, but many men reassess their lives and feel that even more profound changes are necessary. "They can pretty much stay on the same track or say to themselves, 'If I'm going to change, now is when I'm going to do it, because there's not going to be a later,'" says Dr. Mark Cline, psychologist at the center. "That's why you may see a banker buy a motorcycle and go over the horizon, while the fellow he bought it from goes to the bank to apply for a job." Sexual drive may decrease in one person and increase in another. "I've got guys in their 70s who have sex three or four times a week," Goldberg says. "They're functioning sexually, feeling well, doing great. And I've got guys in their 40s who are not." As a man ages, he may get erections less quickly or frequently, the amount of semen may diminish and the force of his ejaculation may become puny. But that doesn't mean that he's losing his sex drive. Other problems can get in the way, too. "As we get older, we develop more medical problems," Goldberg says. "The desire may still be there, but the nerves aren't as sensitive as they used to be." Less efficient circulation and medication for other problems can also affect a man sexually. Help is available, however, and Goldberg suggests that men seek help from doctors who are up-to-date on male health problems. "I think many physicians may not be aware of all the changes and devices," he says. There are many treatments for impotence, ranging from implants to vacuum devices to penile injections. And good news! Medicare will soon begin paying for vacuum devices on a case-by-case basis. Goldberg cautions, however, that simple testosterone injections are probably not a good solution. "One or two isn't going to hurt, but you can get into problems. The body may begin to rely on the injections and stop producing its own testosterone. Another problem is that prostate cancer can grow. Injections won't necessarily cause it, but they can speed growth if the cancer is present. And it can lead to liver problems." Whatever you do, don't give up having sex, regardless of how complicated it becomes. Pursue your options and live your life to the fullest.

Feel like you've wasted your life and want to get a little crazy in your golden years? Buy a vacuum pump and a Harley and answer THE TRAVELER's ad!

UPDATE ON SLEEP APNEA

Looks like our various pieces on sleep apnea have paid off. There are now seven readers who have written us and told us about their incredible health improvements as a result of getting tested and entering a treatment program. If you snore heavily or hold your breath during sleep, you should see your doctor and ask him to get you into a sleep clinic for testing.

[Want to see a health issue discussed? Write us and tell us what you want to hear more about and we'll talk with our medical consultant or dig into our files for an article.] □

COMING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH

THE ZONES SPECIAL ISSUE

Starring (in alphabetical order) **THE BANKER, J.D. BEHR, BUZZ, THE COLONEL, DENNY & BIG MAC, EX-LOGGER, THE GARDENER, HANDIMAN, IRONWORKER, JJ II, JOHN BEAR, LONE WOLF, MACK, PAPPA BEAR, POPEYER, RUSSIAN BEAR, SHOE, THOM, WOTAN** and **ZIPPER** in never-before-seen photographs—some too hot for our regular issues--with a few encores from way back.

Also starring artists **ABE, BUCKO, CHARLES OF FRANCE, WALT HENRY, KEMUSH** and **RAM** in all new works which are a little too outrageous for our regular issues.

PLUS: a couple of surprises.

And featuring P.H. Colley's sixth novel, **ZONES**, which has already got 'em talking:

"ZONES is a gripping, suspense-filled cop-catches-killer tale. Sound familiar? Not from P.H. Colley's pen! Twists and surprises abound as Colley rejoices in turning a familiar genre into a bundle of new excitements. The lush eroticism of middle age gay romance is pure, natural and beautiful, yet it's only one of dozens of unique story telling inventions that will silence any mystery fan's claims that he's read it all before. Glue your bifocals to your nose. You can't get off this roller coaster ride until it ends!" KENN RICHIE

"I thought I'd been exposed to every detective novel plot in existence, but Colley slipped me a work so unprecedented that I'm almost speechless. In a way, I'm glad it wasn't picked up by a book publisher (gay or otherwise), because they would have sucked the uniqueness out of it. Instead, it is offered to us in all its uncensored and politically incorrect glory. Out of Colley's warped brain comes Jerry Zeitler, a 57-year-old homicide detective who is a dead ringer for an older, green-eyed Rocky Marciano with a touch of Ed Asner's 'Lou Grant.' Jerry is in trouble with his health, his job, his sexual identity . . . and a serial killer called 'Zooloo.' Although *ZONES* rivals *Silence of the Lambs* in sheer horror and tension (Zooloo doesn't eat or skin his victims, but he does some other nasty little things that'll give you nightmares), it is primarily a novel about the extraordinary relationship between Jerry and Mark Graham, a younger, homomasculine murder witness. Colley's characters aren't larger than life. Instead, they're very real, vulnerable and intimately identifiable Joes who are placed in hellish situations. From the very first paragraph, you're locked in and unable to stop the wild ride. It's like a movie, only you're in it, tears, goose pimples, soggy shorts and all." XYLOPHANG

"How does one describe *ZONES*? My partner calls it an erotic *Silence of the Lambs*, but my best friend calls it a spine-tingling *Taxi Zum Klo*. Personally, I think *ZONES* is more frightening than the former and more erotic than the latter. Colley's first chapter 'grabber' nearly knocked my neck out of joint as it whisked me off into one of the most delicious thrill rides I've ever experienced. Think you've got the plot figured out? ZOOM you go into a ninety-degree dive in an F15. Want fresh eroticism? How about a masturbation scene so vividly hot that most readers will have to take a break to relieve themselves? No one mixes eroticism and terror like Colley. Expect the unexpected, and when you think it's okay to start breathing normally again, be warned: It's not over." OCHO

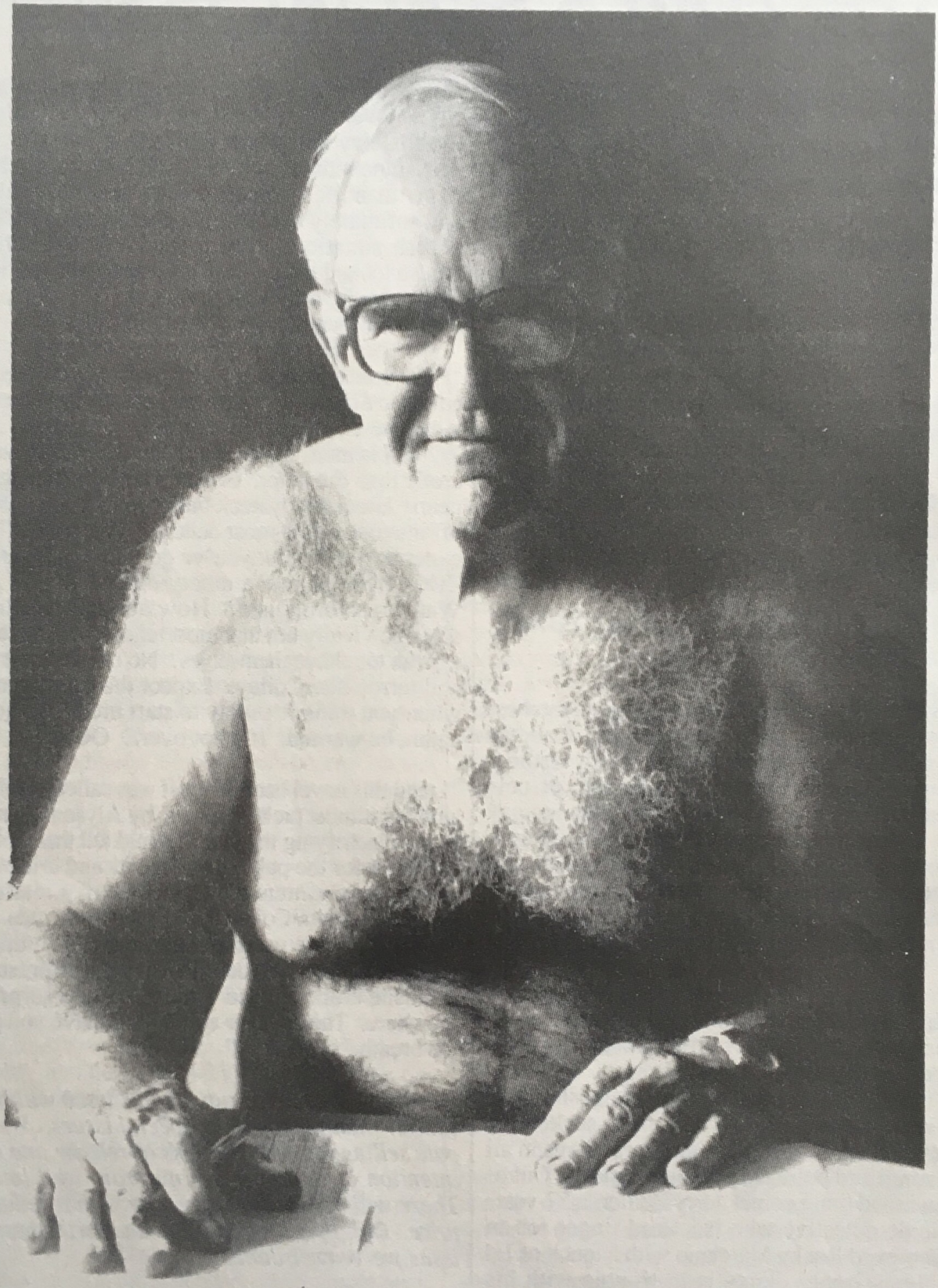
"I read this novel back when it was called WOEZONE and was almost picked up first by Alyson, then Ashly. It was electrifying then, but I could tell that Colley had written it for the publishers, agents and critics. It has now been rewritten and is one hell of a masterpiece. But beyond that, Colley has obviously written this one for his fans. He pulls out all the stops on this grand organ of a novel and delights us with terror, suspense, exquisite eroticism and slap-in-the-face surprises everywhere. The shocker ending will have you gasping for breath." EXOCET

Warning: Our press run for this issue will be much shorter than for previous special issues. We anticipate selling out within weeks of release and have no intention of retaining an inventory well into 1992. There will be no clearance sale with a reduction in price. Don't put it off and miss out on the best special issue we've ever done.

LIMITED SPECIAL OFFER (for subscribers only): Order your copy of the ZONES SPECIAL ISSUE prior to November 1, 1991, and we'll extend your subscription by one issue. This is a savings of $ 6.33!

WARLOCK

photo by DEE EDWARDS



WARLOCK is 68-year-old Teddy Bear who lives in San Antonio with his life partner of many years, COURT JESTER. Favorites at Mardi Gras, these wonderful men are about as lovable as they come.

IN CLOSING

I said that we'd tone down the political issues, but your letters tell us that you want them addressed. It's evident that you guys want to really get to know one another, and that includes knowing each other's views on various issues. You tell us that you're tired of radical, left-wing rhetoric and want to be exposed to more moderate and, yes, even conservative views. At the very least, you want to see the other side of the coin.

It's a pity that we can't refer you to a gay newsmagazine that will give you that. All we can do is try to do it ourselves, in spite of the fact that neither of us knows beans about journalism. Maybe we can accomplish it through common sense, honesty and just plain old logic—qualities which seem to have eluded many gay journalists today.

Our disillusion with *The Advocate* began during the Andy Roony flap and escalated when they started routinely using the word "queer." Suddenly the writing became more hostile and less balanced. Interviews were rife with leading and loaded questions. Their covers became childishly vindictive and bizarre (remember the two models--ostensibly portraying gay Republicans--doing a Nazi salute?). We became overpowered by an odious mixture of diatribe, "queer culture" and phone sex ads. Then came the "Sissy Awards," followed closely by Signorile's abomination.

We herewith give you the other side of the coin relative to *The Advocate*'s use of the ludicrous caption: " DID THIS MAN RUIN 2,000 LIVES?" Given the fact that the military's attitude against homosexuals was much more hostile in the sixties than it is today, allow me to relate my own experience and you be the judge.

In the summer of 1960, I was transferred from the U.S. Naval Training Station at San Diego to the Naval School of Music at the Anacostia Naval Station in Washington, D.C. Determined to make a career of the navy by playing in The Navy Band, I was discreet about my sex life and limited my sexual liaisons to mature civilians. Although there were many obviously gay students at the school, I avoided them because I felt that they were headed for trouble. By the winter of 1960, the gay contingent of about 85 had become emboldened and arrogantly flaunted their homosexuality. The camping was endless and they began to have sex together in the barracks after dark. Eventually the other 300 sailors began to complain, and rumors started circulating about a possible purge. But the purge wasn't forthcoming and the situation only became more flagrant.

Around January of 1961, I began neglecting my studies out of sheer boredom. After all, I had been a professional musician and had studied at NTSU under full scholarship with renowned flutist, Dr. George Morey. I was a shoe-in for The Navy Band, and the school was only a tiny obstacle in the way. But a certain notoriously gay officer apparently decided to teach me a lesson and had me taken out of school and transferred to a destroyer, which was scheduled to sail out of Treasure Island in San Francisco in thirty days. Since I had my heart and soul set on The Navy Band, the transfer before my graduation was a catastrophe.

Panicked, I visited The Navy Band headquarters at Navy Yard across the river and auditioned on the flute as a civilian, knowing that they wouldn't allow me to audition as a serviceman without going through proper channels. I scored a 3.8 out of a perfect 4.0 and was accepted, but things changed drastically when I finally admitted that I was a "railroaded" sailor doomed to sail the high seas with a saxophone (all flutists were required to be proficient on sax and piccolo, too). At that particular time, they desperately needed another piccolo player who could play "Stars and Stripes Forever," so they tried to cajole the Bureau of Naval Personnel into changing my orders. Unfortunately, a release from the school of music was required, and the gay officer refused to authorize it.

Deeply depressed, I spent my transfer leave in a daze and eventually sought counselling from a navy doctor. Somehow I spilled the beans about being gay and made some remark which the doctor interpreted as a threat of suicide (it wasn't). Within minutes, an ambulance pulled up outside, and off I went to the psychiatric ward at Bethesda Naval Hospital. After eight bizarre days straight out of "One Flew Over The Cuckold's Nest," I was discharged from the hospital and returned to Anacostia, where I was held under partial detention while awaiting interrogation by the then-dreaded ONI. I was advised that I had to sign a statement that I had committed sodomy and other heinous acts of fornication with other men, or face a court martial. I signed the confession.

At first I was harassed and introduced as a "queer" to everyone in sight, but a complaint to a sympathetic black doctor brought about high level orders to leave me alone. I was ordered to clean toilets (heads) all day and was rarely spoken to. To my amazement, I wasn't jailed or constrained in any way. On the contrary, I was given a liberty card each afternoon and allowed to sleep off base in a Virginia apartment I shared with three nonmilitary government employees (I later heard that I was being followed to see if I associated with other servicemen, but couldn't verify it).

When interrogation began, I was politely urged to give the names of all the navy personnel with whom I'd been intimate. I truthfully denied having sex with fellow sailors and refused to name any of the 85 men I knew to be openly gay. Although tempted, I didn't even turn in the gay officer who'd had me transferred. My Lt. Commander interrogator stressed that, in order to expedite my discharge, it was imperative that I furnish some proof of being gay—preferably by naming sexual partners, navy or otherwise. After refusing to do so through four weekly interrogations, I was picked up one day by SPs and whisked to

ONI Headquarters, whereupon I was given a polygraph test by another Lt. Commander who looked like the burly Aldo Ray of the sixties. Since those next fifty minutes are completely unbelievable (no, I didn't make out with him), suffice it to say that the polygraph verified that I was gay and the nonplused Lt. Commander allowed me to return to base.

Within days I was given an undesirable discharge (48 other music students were discharged two weeks later without my testimony, but I was blamed and had to flee Washington), and, since I was under 21, my parents were notified in accordance with law. There were no handcuffs, no jail, no threats of exposure to anyone other than my parents, who couldn't decipher the discharge code anyway. I was reminded that I had been adequately warned upon my entry into the service that homosexual behavior would not be tolerated. I knew the risks well up front.

I have since obtained a government security clearance and have never lost or been denied a job as a result of the discharge. And I've held down some very sensitive and high level management jobs.

Granted, there are horror stories, but they are not the norm. I have met and gotten to know hundreds of men who were given homosexual-related discharges, and only a couple of them told of being handcuffed or imprisoned or threatened with vindictive exposure (those particular ones were caught in the act while on duty). Virtually all of these men rose above this setback, and many attained high level positions in industry, government and academia. None committed suicide or suffered psychological problems later.

The Advocate would have you believe that everyone who gets a less-than-honorable discharge ends up with a ruined life, but that is simply a gross exaggeration. They would have you believe that openly gay and lesbian service people would all behave like model citizens and not become a morale problem while in a more liberalized armed forces. But the facts are that not all gays and lesbians are model citizens, and very few heterosexuals want to live, sleep and shower around known homosexuals, especially those who are militant, arrogant or sexually aggressive. It's a thorny, complex issue and it won't be solved by outing an innocent man just to dramatically call attention to the hypocrisy of the Pentagon's policy on homosexuals.

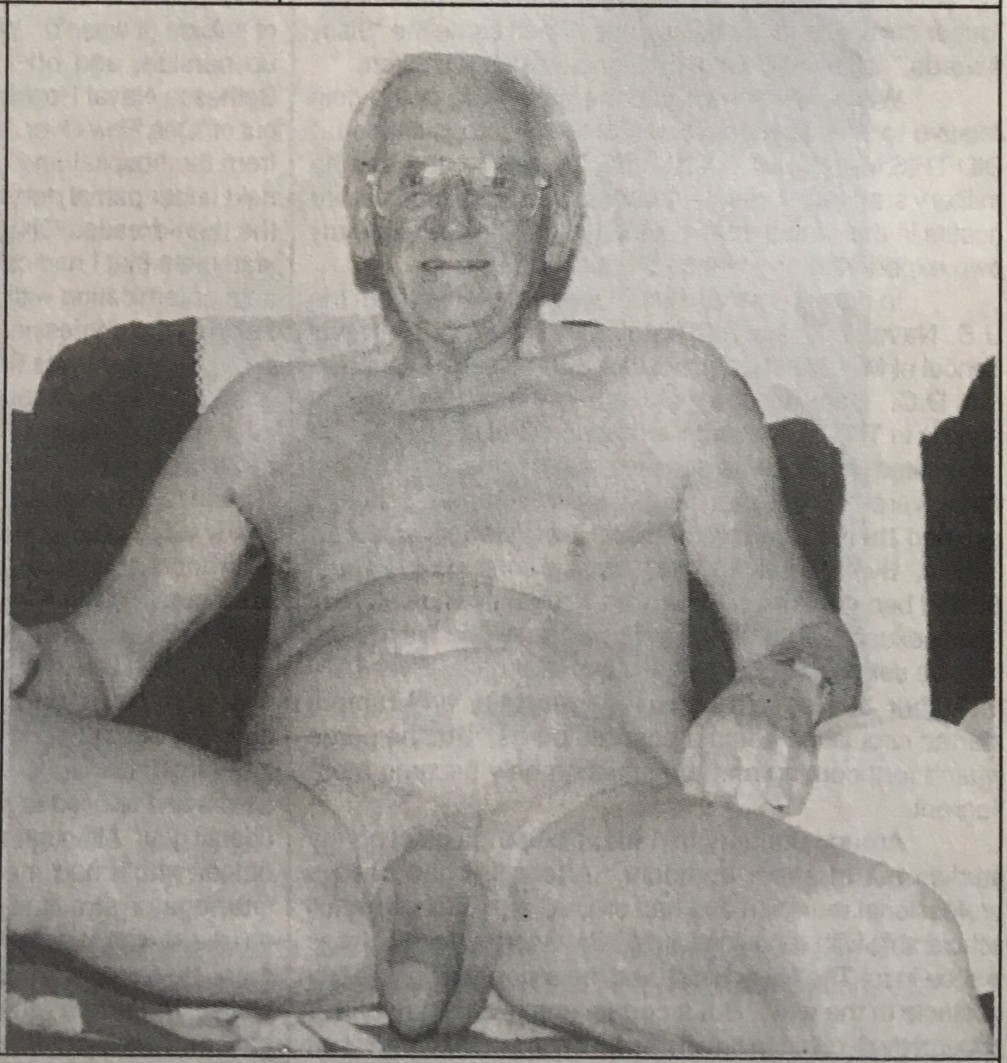
You want insightful journalism on this subject? Forget the gay press and read the August 19th issue of *Time* ("Marching Out of The Closet" and "To 'Out' or Not to 'Out'"), which concisely explores these same subjects without the hysteria, distortion and bias.

You want the other side of the coin? Stick with that one-of-a-kind, politically incorrect, grey-is-the-greatest, mind candy magazine, CHIRON RISING. *Pat & The Friar*

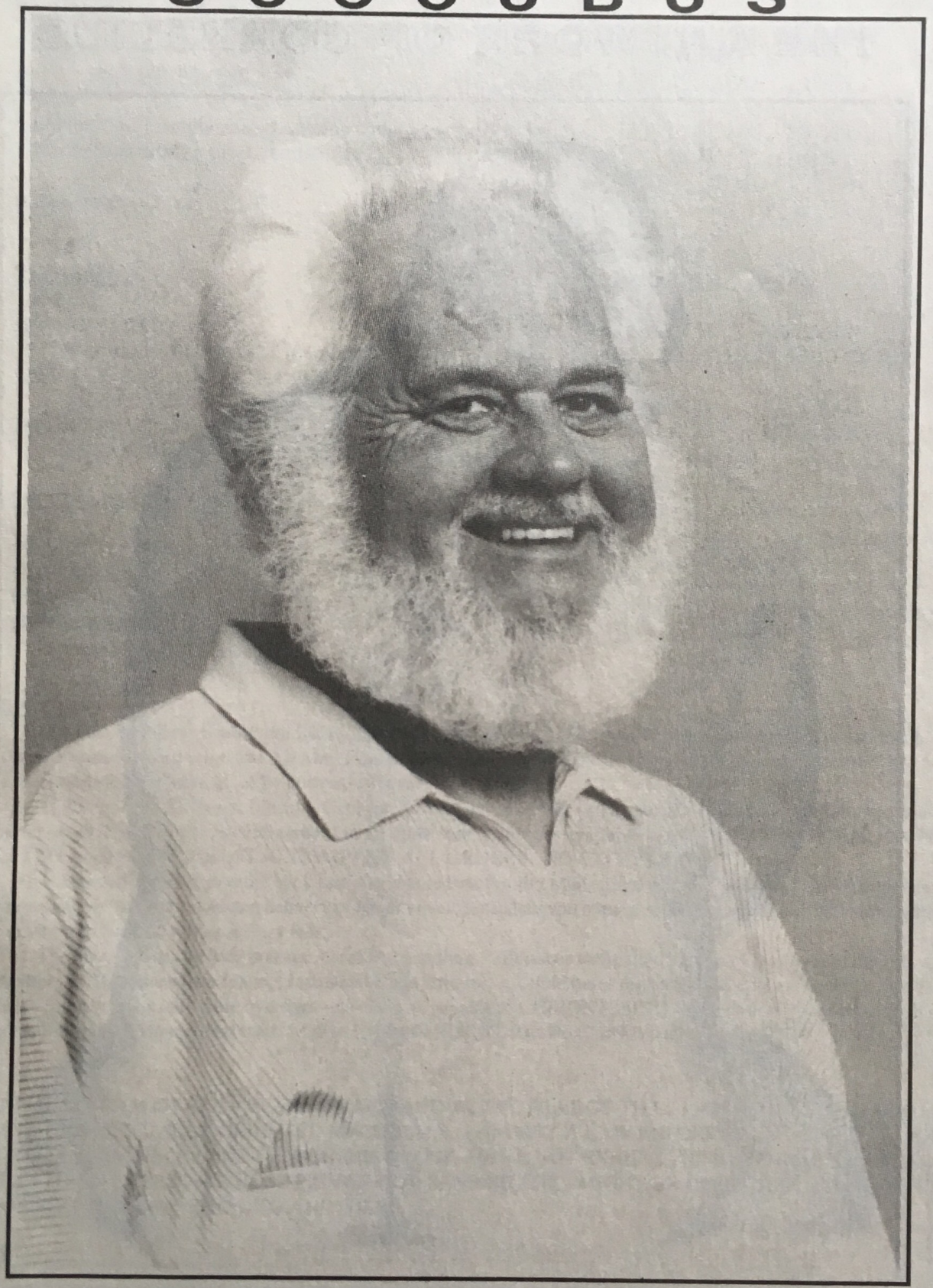
JON

PHOTO BY OXONIAN

JON lives in England, where he loves to write, paint and draw. He admires well-hung guys and seeks photo exchange and correspondence. He especially seeks frank, open discussion and the relating of experiences. With his equipment, I can imagine some of the stories he could tell.

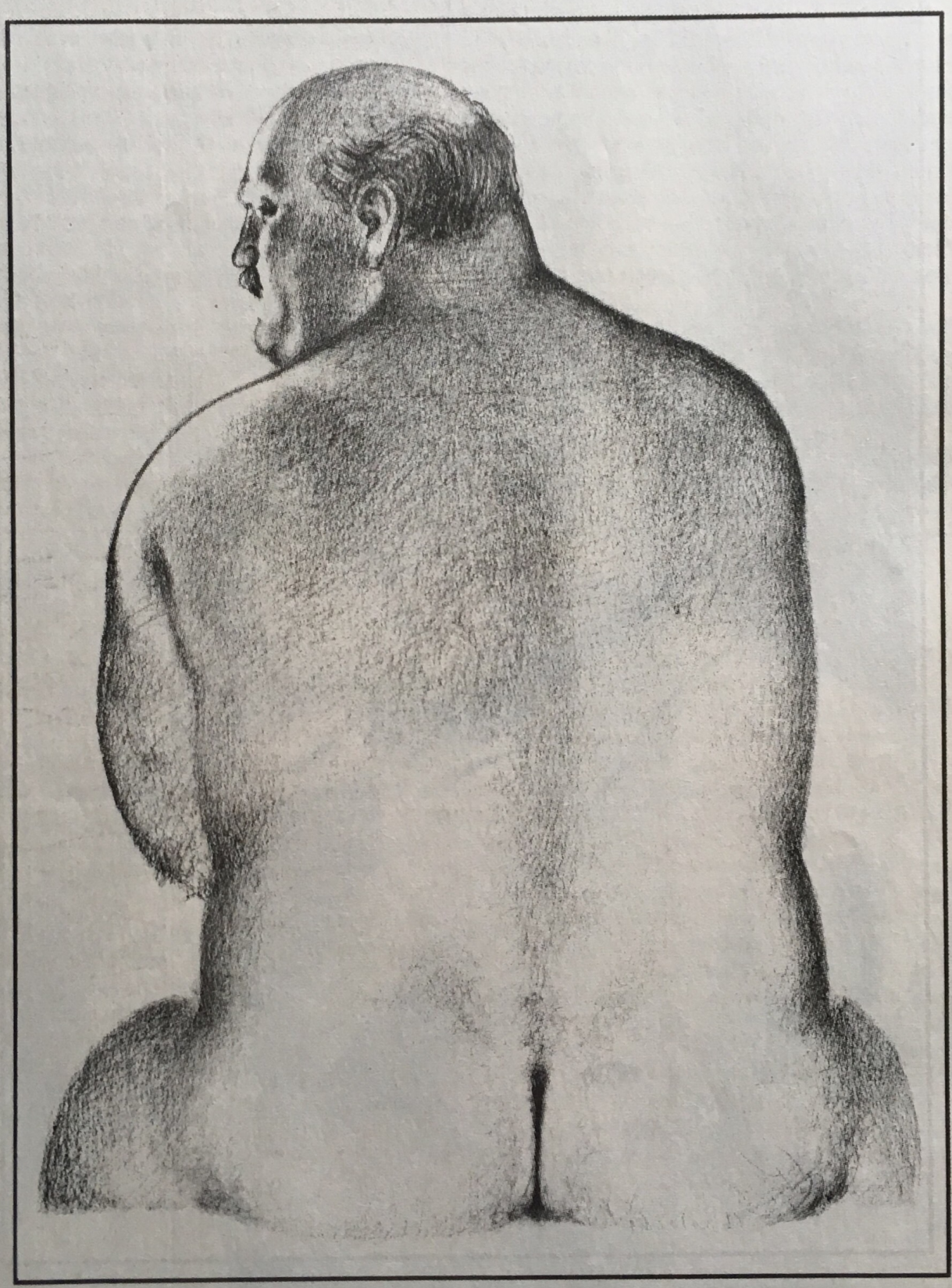


S U C C U B U S



SUCCUBUS is 58 years old and lives near San Francisco. He hopes to find an honest top man, any age/weight/race/looks, who is into mutual trust and respect.

THE ARTWORK OF CORNELIUS



CORNELIUS, 35, is an accomplished portrait and fantasy artist who resides in Amsterdam with his chubby lover, 43.

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1990: FEB, JUN, AUG, OCT, DEC (ALL OTHERS SOLD OUT)	2.00 EACH	5.00 EACH	7.00 EACH
1991: FEB, APR, #42-JUN	3.00 EACH	6.00 EACH	8.00 EACH
(SORRY, #43-AUG SOLD OUT DUE TO INCREASE IN BOOKSTORE SALES)			

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MAY 90	3.00	6.00	8.00
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IMPORTANT:

1) Because of risk of customs confiscation, we now ship to Japan and Great Britain via Air Mail Correspondence rate, which is more expensive than our usual Air Mail Printed Matter rate. All issues are shipped in separate envelopes. We are not, however, responsible for confiscation by customs officials.

2) If you live in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Nebraska, Texas, Tennessee or Utah, you must be a subscriber in order to receive the special issues. In all other states, they are available to everyone. THIS FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. NO EXCEPTIONS.

3) U.S. orders for three or more back issues are mailed via Priority Mail. Since multiple issue packages are often reported as never received, we will not guarantee delivery of larger envelopes unless you request special handling and include an additional $2.00 to cover certified and return receipt fees.

4) The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan and Great Britain). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864 Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUALLY ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED. I WILL NOT GIVE AWAY OR SELL THIS MATERIAL TO ANOTHER.

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PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #45 (DEC 91) NO LATER THAN OCTOBER 15, 1991

Personal ads for both subscribers and non-subscribers are now priced at 30 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10. Codewords (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you--subscribers only) are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Type or print clearly. Use attachment if more space needed. Do not abbreviate, except as noted below):

AD CLOSING or CODEWORD: (State the name and address or codeword you want to appear in the ad.)

NOTE: If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues

YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (is you are not a subscriber)_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____

Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____

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TOTAL REMITTANCE $_____

NOTE: Abbreviations GWM, HIV, P.O. and two-letter state symbols are the only abbreviations allowed and each counts as one word. Number series (age, weight, height, endowment, P.O. box numbers, addresses, apartment numbers, zip codes and telephone numbers) count as one word each. We refuse to print descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.

(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

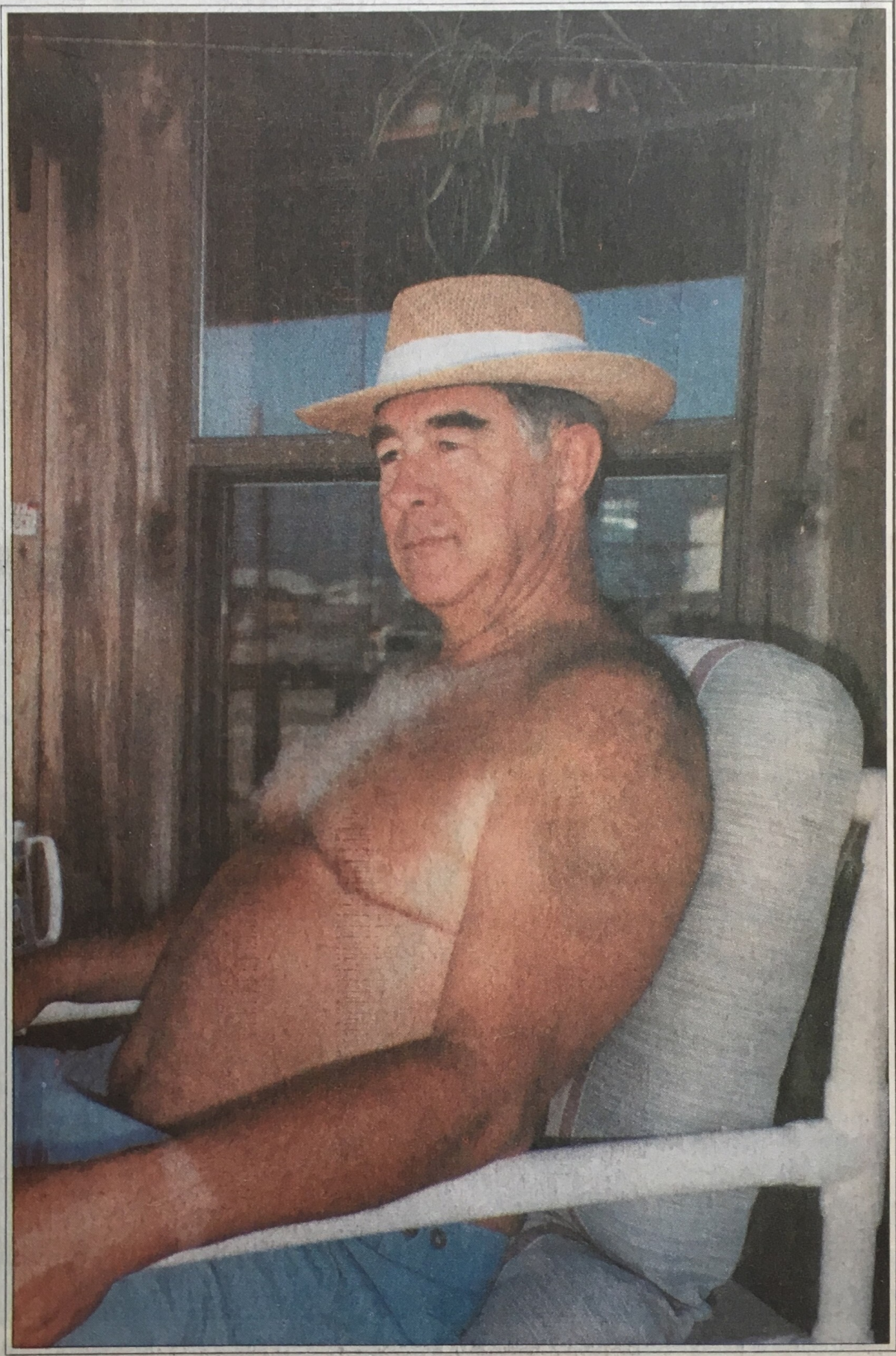
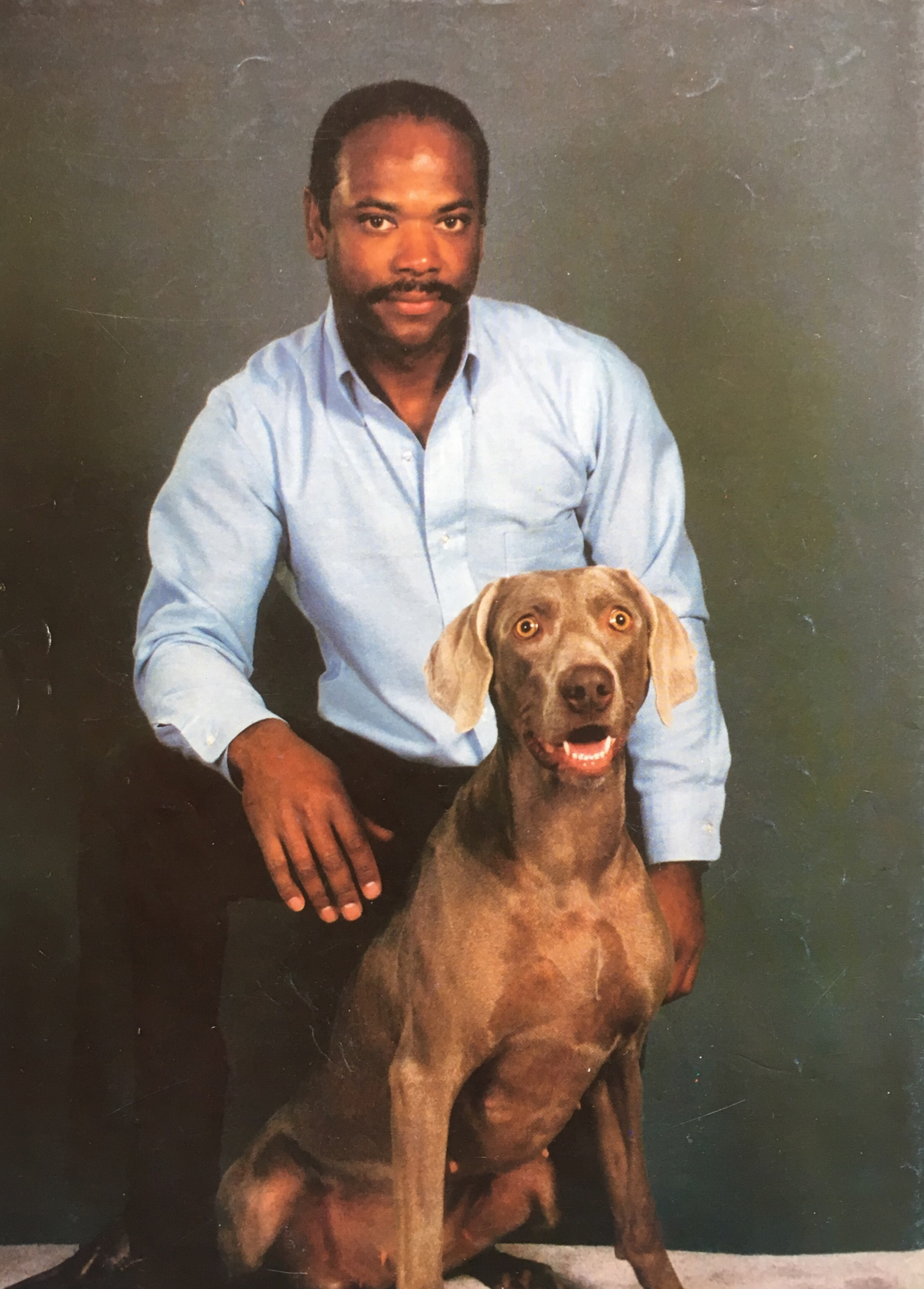
PHOTO BY CLOUD I

HANDIMAN

HANDIMAN is a middle-aged Kentuckian who's interested in home products to improve mind, body and relationships.

GENTLE BEN

PHOTO BY WIZARD



GENTLE BEN, a 66-year-old, 6'-5", 250 pound Libran, lives on the Gulf Coast of Florida with his 32-year-old lover of 8 years.